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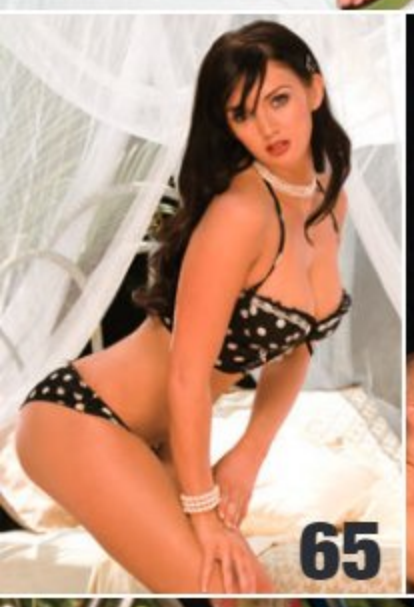

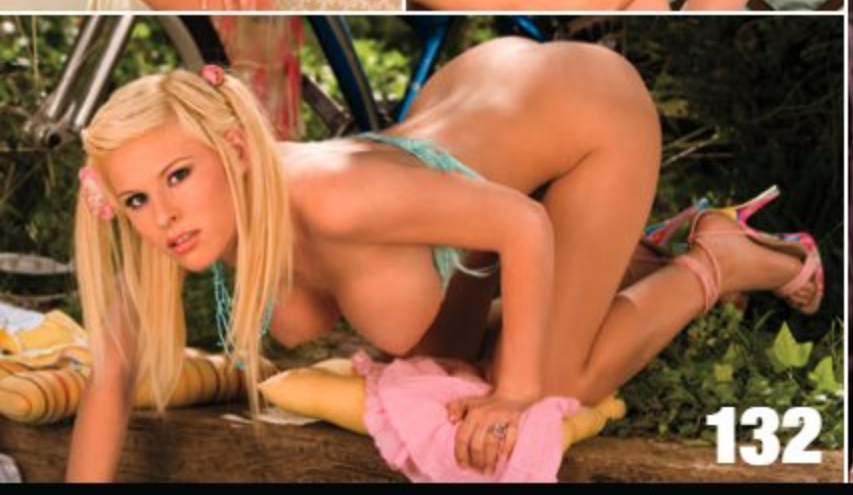

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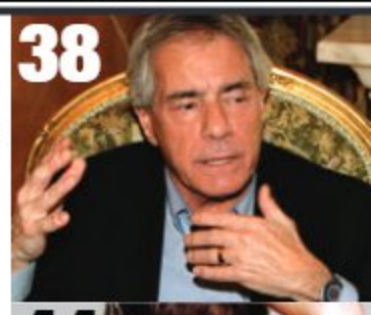

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 35, No. 8, January 2009. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in April, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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SPEAKING THE UNSPEAKABLE

Approaching the end of the first decade of the 21st century, we stand at a dark precipice that begs the question: Revolution or slavery? Yet we hesitate to even state this out loud for fear of being whisked off to a secret detention camp built by Halliburton. And therein lies the proof of our desperate situation. Before George W. Bush destroyed habeas corpus, we would not have been reluctant to speak up. Now we cringe.

The politicians—Democrats and Republicans alike—have taken away your right to speak. The big corporations have taken away your right to make a fair wage. Together they have taken away your right to privacy. Those who are depending on a new administration to save us should not forget the lessons of history: Rulers must be pushed and prodded at best, deposed at worst.

If our new President and Congress do not act dramatically and soon to reverse past trends, the American people will have to force them to do so. It's that or slavery.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS

Designed for the PS3 and the PC, the **Fanatec Porsche 911 Turbo Wheel** lets you get behind the wheel for some incredible gaming. Literally! This sturdy unit is not a toy; it is a deluxe, illuminated controller that incorporates wireless USB technology for a full driving experience. Providing sensational realism are three force-feedback motors, smooth belt drive, wireless pedals, clutch and soft-step brakes as well as two interchangeable gear sticks.

Grabbing this amazing controller may be the closest any of us get to racing a Porsche 911.

Available at ***Fanatec.com***. Suggested retail price: $349.95.

SPIES LIKE US

Meet your new best friend: **Spykee the Spy Robot**. This covert plaything—which moves, speaks and hears—takes real-time pictures with video and sound that can later be accessed on your computer. When motion is detected, the sneaky, foot-tall robot activates an alarm and e-mails pictures through a built-in Wifi. A versatile marvel, **Spykee** is compatible with Skype 3.0 on your PC and can also be used as a VoIP. Plus, it will keep an eye on that cheating wife of yours while you're out boning her sister.

Available at ***ErectorUSA.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

BIG PICTURE

The **Epic Action Sports Video Camera** may be the smallest portable video camera out there. Weighing less than 3 ounces and under 3 inches in length, it fits in the palm of your hand. But don't let its tiny size fool you. This shock-resistant stealth camera is a mighty moviemaking machine. Just clip it onto a hat, helmet or handlebars and start shooting. With a 45-degree field of view, two-button operation and 2X zoom, you'll be impressed by the easily uploadable footage you've captured.

Remember, just like you tell your girlfriend: It's not the size that matters.

Available at ***EpicStealthCam.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

ON THE LEVEL

Sure, there are a ton of alarm clocks out there that can connect to your iPod, waking you up to your favorite tunes or videos while charging your player. But none that swivel. That's right, pivot! Thank to its revolutionary design, the **iH41** from iHome allows you to hook up your MP3/video player and change the orientation of how you watch or listen to the content. The clock's built-in LCD changes to match the angle. Basically it means you can set it up whichever way you think things look coolest (vertical or horizontal).

Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

WIN NEXTAR K4 NAVIGATION SYSTEM

WHERE THE F*@K AM I?!

On the surface it looks like a box. But remember, if HUSTLER has taught you anything, it's what's *in* the box that is important. The Nextar K4 Navigation System is a modern wonder that you need for your car. Besides allowing you to play back your favorite MP3s and FM stations, the K4 has an entire U.S. map built in. So not only will you easily get where you're going with over 1.6 million points of interest and voice prompts in eight languages, but you'll also be able to enjoy music along the way. Plus, with its 4-inch high-res touch screen, the unit looks really cool. You'll never be lost again. And if you are, you can at least groove on the tunes.

Available at *Nextar.com* or major retailers. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

NAVIGATION SYSTEM
CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Where the fuck are you going? Have no idea? Well, lucky for you, we're giving away a great **Nextar K4 Navigation System**. For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Nextar GPS Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews

☐Bits & Pieces ☐Music Section ☐Celebrity Section ☐Other: _____

Do you have a computer? YES☐ NO☐

Do you have internet access? YES☐ NO☐

If so, would you be interested in receiving both a print and digital subscription to HUSTLER for the same price as a print subscription at $39.95? The digital edition includes 56 movie clips and is available in all U.S. states regardless of ZIP code. YES☐ NO☐

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SIN CITY SHOOTOUT

Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six: Vegas 2

Manufacturer: Ubisoft
Format: Xbox 360

Las Vegas—is there any more dynamic city on Earth? The lights, the parties, the terrorists. Yeah, see, things would be great if you didn't have to deal with Sin City being under siege at the hands of bloodthirsty bad guys. Once again you and your strike team have to take down a hostile force in order to enjoy what the desert mecca has to offer. The sequel to the award-winning, next-generation first-person shooter returns to the Strip for another awesome battle, this time with improved A.I. and an array of new weapons and armor. Time to blast your way to the buffet.

GET UNREAL

Unreal Tournament 3

Manufacturer: Midway
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

The popular PC sci-fi shooter finally makes its way to PlayStation 3 and Xbox 360. The saga's latest installment features a cinematic realism in both characters and environments never before seen in the *UT* universe. Add in a vast arsenal and hyperreal battles, not to mention new and familiar characters fighting side by side (including an incredibly sexy cyberbabe), and you have the coolest game to come along since *Halo 3*!

WHAM! BAM! BODYSLAM!

TNA Impact: Total Nonstop Action Wrestling

Manufacturer: Midway
Format: Xbox 360

TNA, the underrated wrestling circuit, has released this bone-crushing blast of brutality. You are tangling to be king of the ring in a series of no-holds-barred matches. Sure, this game may not have the parade of stars that WWE boasts, but it's packed with quick action, unbelievable graphics and the one-and-only Kurt Angle. TNA's top gun can kick your ass any day of the week.

I, ROBOT

WALL-E

Manufacturer: THQ
Format: PS3, Xbox 360, Wii, PSP, DS

Based on the blockbuster Disney/Pixar movie, this spinoff is more than a video game; it's a cartoon come to life! Assuming the role of WALL-E, everyone's favorite trash-compacting robot, you'll feel as if you are submersed in the flick itself while undertaking various tasks and skill challenges. This fast-paced game is fun for the whole family—even those illegitimate kids of yours.

License To Steal

AMERICA'S UNREGULATED BANKING SYSTEM ROBS THE POOR TO GIVE TO THE RICH.

"Some will rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen." That image from "The Ballad of Pretty Boy Floyd" is out of date these days, since bankers and other thieves who foreclosed on the bereaved widow's home in Woody Guthrie's old folk song don't use fountain pens anymore. Instead, they rely on computerized transactions, online solicitations, international money swaps and all sorts of other secret shenanigans that leave the robbed consumers blindly unaware of who actually assaulted them.

First, a bank hustles them into deceptively low-cost introductory loans, which are then sold in a Ponzi scheme of speculation. When the homeowner's interest rate inevitably balloons, it's some other bank the consumer never heard of that lowers the foreclosure ax.

The other thing Guthrie's tune missed is that only a fool of a stickup man would use a gun, because the criminal penalties are super-high and the loot paltry by comparison. Not so the money to be ripped off from home mortgage foreclosures and credit card hustles—and those robberies are not even classified as punishable crimes.

Sure, loansharking is a crime—a hoodlum loans you money at an exorbitant interest and then busts your kneecaps when you can't pay up—but that's because ordinary thugs don't have a license to steal; banks do. And any time the government makes the slightest move in the direction of cracking down on the banks or stockbrokers who operate these officially sanctioned swindles, their lobbyists go to town and win. Individual states once had reasonable caps on interest rates and sound lending practice standards, but all of that got swept away by a federal government that the financial giants own.

Don't believe for a minute that the long election campaign we just suffered through is going to change any of this. Lending-industry bandits lavishly bankroll both major political parties, and neither is about to punish them for their excesses. Quite the opposite: The only serious regulation of the financial world was wisely enacted in the 1930s during the Great Depression to prevent another meltdown and was repealed with solid bipartisan support during the Clinton Presidency. The banks bought that legislation with more than $300 million in lobbying costs, thus reversing the 60-year-old ban on mergers between banks, insurance companies and stockbrokers.

It will also cost you big-time even if you never took out a lousy loan. That's because the taxpayers—yeah, you—are left holding the bag.

The first major beneficiary of the new deregulation legislation was Citigroup, which had been attempting an illegal merger with the Travelers Group insurance company. Once the banking giant got the law changed, the merger went through, and Robert Rubin, Clinton's Secretary of the Treasury, then resigned to head up—yes, you guessed right—Citigroup.

These guys have no shame. Before he went into the government, Rubin made hundreds of millions running Goldman Sachs, which played the mortgage market for all it was worth before sticking others with the cost. Henry Paulson, Rubin's predecessor at Goldman Sachs, also occupied that position of Secretary of the Treasury, in George W. Bush's administration. See how nonpartisan these con artists are?

You might be thinking, *What, me worry?*—that is, if you don't happen to be one of the tens of millions stuck in foreclosure on their interest-only adjustable mortgage loan or bearing the burden of credit card debt, suckered in by low introductory rates that later expand astronomically. But it will also cost you big-time even if you never took out a lousy loan. That's because the taxpayers—yeah, you—are left holding the bag, buying out the banks and bailing out their top executives so that they can continue the hustle.

These are the thieves that Scripture warned us against. One of the clearest moral injunctions of the Bible is that usury—which is what these guys routinely practice—is a sin. As is stated in Ezekiel 22:12: "…thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord God."

Funny how Christian moralizers pilfer from the Bible to find quotes that confirm their repressive views, but manage to miss anything in that same hallowed tome which smacks of social justice. But according to Ezekiel 22:12, the Lord God will not be as forgiving of our bankers as the politicians who constantly invoke His name.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *Thinking Tuna Fish*; *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush*; and his latest, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

Censorship by Fear

HOW PUBLISHERS PRESSURE WRITERS TO SPEAK ONLY THE "RIGHT" TRUTH

Random House, long a much-acclaimed mainstream book publisher, set an August 2008 U.S. release date for *The Jewel of Medina* by Sherry Jones. The publisher described the 432-page historical novel as "a fascinating portrait of A'isha bint Abi Bakr, child bride of the prophet Muhammed, who overcame great obstacles to reach her full potential as a woman and a leader." The story is told in the first person by Muhammed's favorite wife, who was only 18 when he died.

A'isha says in the controversial novel (according to the August 16, 2008, *London Times*): "This was the beginning of something new, something terrible. Soon I would be lying on my bed beneath him, squashed like a scarab beetle, flailing and sobbing while he slammed himself against me. He would not want to hurt me, but how could he help it? It's always painful the first time." But the pain "soon melted away. Muhammed was so gentle."

Author Jones—a journalist in Spokane, Washington, with a command of Arabic—made the mistake of sending galleys of her forthcoming book to Denise Spellberg, associate professor of history and Middle East studies at the University of Texas. Alarmed, Spellberg warned Random House that publishing *The Jewel of Medina* could endanger the safety of its staff and its very headquarters.

As Aura Nomani reported in the August 6, 2θ, *Wall Street Journal*, Islamic bloggers angrily spread the news that once again the Prophet was being defamed. Wrote blogger Ali Hemani: Sherry Jones must "withdraw the book from the stores and apologize to all the Muslims across the world."

In May 2008 Random House informed the author and her agent that the publication of *The Jewel of Medina* would be postponed indefinitely because of "fear of a possible terrorist threat from extremist Muslims." This was later followed by a notice of termination.

This caving to possible violently offended readers comes from a publisher that proclaims on its Web site: "Today the fundamental right to read what we want is facing more challenges than ever. … [Random House] is committed to those who stand against censorship."

Dramatically, another author on the company's current list is Salman Rushdie, whose *The Satanic Verses* (published by Viking Press in 1988) led to such ferocious death threats that he went into hiding for years. (During that period I was at a Columbia University meeting suddenly invaded by security guards when Rushdie popped up. I waited for the gunshots. They never came.)

The Jewel of Medina censorship immediately reminded me of the 12 satiric cartoons of the Prophet Muhammed published in 2005 by the Danish newspaper *Jyllands-Posten*, resulting in explosive riots throughout the Islamic world, causing more than 100 deaths and the torching of several Danish embassies.

Spellberg warned Random House that publishing *The Jewel of Medina* could endanger the safety of its staff and its very headquarters.

In this country, nearly all the mainstream newspapers—including the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*—succumbed to censorship by fear and did not print the cartoons. But at New York's *Village Voice*, where I've had a weekly column since 1958, I insisted on running the most controversial one; the editors agreed that no damn jihadists were going to shut the paper down.

For a while, walking the streets, I admit I was somewhat apprehensive, though I didn't write out my will. But being a contrarian since not long after I learned how to read, I've had death threats from wildly offended readers, and I'm still here.

Overseas, a nation not birthed by the likes of *our* Founding Fathers has stripped bookstores of *The Jewel of Medina*. Fearful of its Muslim minority, Serbia has sentenced Jones's book to perdition. But at least Serbia never had a James Madison, who wrote to Thomas Jefferson in 1786: "I flatter myself [that we] have in this Country extinguished forever the ambitious hope of making laws for the human mind."

However, that turned out to be only a wish soon to be shattered in 1798, seven years after the First Amendment was ratified, when President John Adams signed the Alien and Sedition Acts, which punished with fine and imprisonment any "seditious" speech that would bring the President or Congress "…into contempt or disrepute" or that might excite against them "the hatred of the good people of the United States."

When an early victim of the law, Congressman Matthew Lyon of Vermont, was thrown in the slammer, Jefferson wrote, "I know not which mortifies me most, that I should fear to write what I think or that my country bear such a state of things…[as this state] of national fear."

What dismayed me when Random House groveled in fear of apostles of jihad was the very limited expressions of anger and indignation across the nation in editorials or on broadcast and cable television and the Internet. And what about the colleges and universities? I've not been aware of any rallies in support of author Sherry Jones, or even protest ads by academia's First Amendment warriors.

I would also point out that deep-sixing this book is also unfair to the reputation of Prophet Muhammed himself because in the novel, A'isha—after describing "the pain of consummation"— adds that as the lovemaking went on, "to be in his arms, skin to skin, was the bliss I had longed for all my life."

Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis—a hero of internal American free speech wars who's not even depicted on a postage stamp—said of freedom of speech: "Those who won our independence by revolution were not cowards. They did not fear political change…[or] danger flowing from speech."

Of his present publisher, Salman Rushdie says of Random House's cancellation of *The Jewel of Medina*: "This is censorship by fear and sets a very bad precedent indeed."

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

Editor's Note: At press time, Beaufort Books announced plans to publish *The Jewel of Medina*.

"I apologize for having an affair while my wife was battling cancer. She lost her hair, gained weight, cried all the time, wouldn't put out and smelled funny. I should at least get some points for having better taste in the sluts *I* fuck compared to the cows Bill Clinton nailed."

Digital Exam

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOUR TV IS ABOUT TO FUCK YOU?

Okay, here's the exam. What does the date February 17, 2009, mean to you? You've seen it, but where exactly? How about superimposed over the lower third of your favorite TV show? Now you've got it. That's the day television goes completely digital, and your old reliable analog TV disappears forever. Maybe. Have I lost you yet? Well, here's what you should know:

In May 1941 the FCC adopted America's television standard of 525 total scan lines. Those are electron beams that sketch the picture in small lines across the face of the television tube. We weren't the first country with TV. Germany, for example, had it in the '30s. Their system was developed to a standard of 625 scan lines. The more lines, the better the definition of the picture. That's why, if you've ever watched TV in Europe, the picture always seems so much better. Why we adopted an inferior system is beyond me, but I'll bet it had to do with politics and payoffs.

There was another problem with international TV broadcasting: Our system was called NTSC, while other countries could choose between PAL and SECAM. There was no worldwide standard. What a mess.

In the U.S., TV made its commercial debut in 1946. The momentous event would have been earlier, but World War II got in the way. Everything was black-and-white and fuzzy, but people would sit around happily watching the old Indian head test pattern just because it was there.

Color came along soon after. The first system to be approved by the FCC was from CBS, which started broadcasting color programs in 1951. Viewing required a TV set with a large whirling color wheel that made it incompatible with black-and-white shows. Archrival RCA's original system was rejected because it wasn't ready for prime time. However, its engineers persevered, coming up with, among other things, a black-and-white-compatible system that coincidently improved on the original set. RCA also reportedly started rumors that the CBS set's color wheel could come loose and decapitate its viewers.

The fight between the two titans was prolonged, but CBS finally threw in the towel due to mounting production problems. RCA's television network, NBC, launched limited color-casts in 1954. That was 55 years ago, and one could argue that nothing of significance has changed in the United States since, with the exception of stereo sound.

In the meantime, other countries—notably Japan—had been working on new systems meant to create a TV picture in high definition. Many of them were analog as opposed to being strictly digital.

I suppose another explanation is due. Analog is a variable continuous signal. Digital is a series of 0s and 1s basically representing on and off. Digital is said to be more flexible and efficient than analog, and it uses less bandwidth.

Still scratching your head? Never mind. It's not important to know how digital technology works, just that it exists and that some people are going to get rich from it.

In case you haven't been paying attention, digital has been, over the past few years, slowly replacing analog. That's why the FCC, which loves to establish standards, eventually mandated a cutoff date for analog television: February 17, 2009. Yes, it's a Tuesday, which makes no sense at all.

So are you going to benefit from all this? Well, the analog system was ancient, and you will get a better picture with digital. All those crappy shows on your old TV will look better, but they'll still be crappy shows. The real beneficiaries will be the manufacturers of TV equipment.

If you have an old-fashioned tube set, you must have a converter if you still want to receive a video broadcast signal on it. That will cost around $50—if you get a coupon from the government. On the other hand, if you have cable or satellite, you're already good to go. If you don't, maybe it's time to buy a newfangled digital picture box. The cost of the flat-screen digital TVs is coming down to what tube prices once were. If you look around, you can get into a 32-inch set for around $500.

There will, of course, be some people left out in the digital cold because food comes first. After all, we're in a recession. Gas costs a bundle, and mac 'n' cheese is a major staple for some in the working class. How are they supposed to get their entertainment and information?

There might have been a better way. Those old channels could have been kept on the air, but the telecommunications boys have been drooling over them for years. Think of the bucks being spent by millions of people to do the conversion. It's good for business.

Still confused? Then you probably don't want to hear about the two existing digital systems: 1080i and 720p, not to mention the 1080p, which....

Aw, fuck it! It's all a big mess.

All those crappy shows on your old TV will look better, but they'll still be crappy shows. The real beneficiaries will be the manufacturers of TV equipment.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

Money's Worth

It's been a helluva year, especially for the U.S. economy, with energy prices through the roof, the dollar taking a beating, and the mortgage industry imploding. We're royally screwed, and nobody is going to be able to turn it around any time soon.

I've got to say, you guys at HUSTLER called it early with your articles about the war on the middle class. Now we're hearing a lot about the "green economy."

I'm all for helping Earth, but I think people should be careful about pinning all their hopes on a new speculative frenzy. Venture capitalists and investors are obviously trying to get everybody to pump cash into the latest bubble economy, like they did with the dot-coms and subprime mortgages.

At some point we're going to have to take the long-term view and look at what makes a fundamentally solid economy: pumping money into education, healthcare and job creation. In other words: Invest in people. Let's do *that* in the green economy and keep our future out of the hands of the get-rich-quick hucksters. **—S.T.**

New York, New York

Humping Grounds

I greatly enjoyed T.R. McAlister's article on Dennis Hof and the Moonlite BunnyRanch [*The P.T. Barnum of Booty*, September '08]. It brought back happy memories of the 1970s, when I visited the BunnyRanch and other such joints. I was younger, single and hornier than ever. The Ranch was much cheaper then—more bang for your buck! But the girls were just as top-notch.

I bet I'm not the only old fucker who wouldn't mind heading out to Nevada to relive some misspent youth. I may be in my 80s, but I still give my beloved a good ride at least once a week—without Viagra! Femininity is enough for me! **—Peter Book**

Perth Amboy, New Jersey

Gimme Some Skin

It's 3:16 in the morning, and I just finished watching a documentary about you, Larry, titled *Larry Flynt: The Right to Be Left Alone*, which I came across while browsing movies on-demand. I have to say, I was moved.

I admire you. You're honest, strong; and when you know you're right, you keep fighting and don't let doubt overcome you. I've never met you, but I would have thought you were just another rich asshole. I was surprised to find you're not (at least not as far as I can tell from the documentary).

A friend of mine plans to get a tattoo, and he asked me if I'd ever get one. I told him, "I don't think so. To get a tattoo, you have to figure out what's real in life, what's true."

Now I think I have a better idea of what's true. If I ever did get a tattoo, I'd have the names of my heroes inscribed on my back, kind of like a wall of tattoos honoring great people. Your name would definitely be there, Larry. **—Raffi Aidiniantz**

Glendale, California

Ugly Truth

The feature article by Dahr Jamail on the Winter Soldier movement [*The Truth About Iraq*, November '08] is the type of reporting only HUSTLER would have the courage to print. While many Americans are asleep when it comes to what is happening in Iraq, HUSTLER has the balls to print the truth.

U.S. troops are now occupying a foreign country. Is this what America is about? You will never see the images that accompanied Jamail's article on any cable news show. They are simply too brutal, too honest, too factual.

When will our country wake up? Once again, hats off to HUSTLER and Larry Flynt for publishing what the mainsteam media wouldn't touch in a thousand years. **—Chris Bridges**

Winder, Georgia

***Not the Bradys XXX* and *This Ain't the Munsters XXX* were 2008's smash hits. HUSTLER will be ringing in the New Year with yet another classic-TV porn spoof: *This Ain't the Partridge Family XXX*, starring Tori Black (right) and Shawna Leneé. Everybody sing: "A whole lotta lovin' is what we'll be bringin'. We'll make you happy!"**

Ghoul Crazy

Your *Munsters* layout [*This Ain't the Munsters XXX*, November '08] was perfect! I always loved that show, and since I'm also a huge Roxy DeVille fan, I'm happy she got to play Lily. Goths everywhere will rejoice!

As for drop-dead gorgeous Shawna Leneé, she should dress like Marilyn all the time. More porn chicks should realize that there's loads of untapped sex appeal in the good-girl look.

—Hands of Orlak

Erie, Pennsylvania

Dear Future

I'm writing this letter during the Democratic National Convention, where the frenzy of "hope" is blinding people to the continued threats to our democracy. If you print this, the people who read it will probably know: Did America get freedom or fascism? If the latter, then once again the fix was in, and we weren't paying attention. If the former, let's work our asses off to keep it that way. **—A.J.**

Denver, Colorado

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

Fox: Making Better News.

Here at Fox we are working day and night to improve your news. We carefully craft each and every story, removing things you really don't need to know until it's perfected.

Some critics want you to believe that we are a bunch of manipulating liars. We don't think of it as lying. We just tailor the news to fit our agenda. We do this because it's better for you. You don't need a bunch of details getting in the way, do you? We didn't think so.

100% Enhanced News!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is commentary on how a supposed "Fair & Balanced" news outlet repeatedly changes the news to fit its conservative Republican/Big Business agenda. This parody was inspired by a court case in Florida. After being dismissed for refusing to distort the news, two Fox reporters sued the network, claiming they were forced by Fox to produce a false report on Monsanto's genetically engineered Bovine Growth Hormone, which is injected into dairy cows to increase milk production. An appeals court ultimately decided that Fox had the legal right to lie to its viewing audience. News to you? For more info, check out **FoxBGHsuit.com**.

This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Elisabeth Hasselbeck

This obnoxiously brainless bitch is the token conservative moron on *The View*, the TV gabfest created by Barbara Walters. She chose a nitwit who swallows neocon factoids like jizz, then drools them out with a smile. Our November '07 Asshole of the Month merits a second lambasting because—despite all the laws of decency—Elisabeth Hasselbeck has not left the show.

Hey, Lizzie, take a hint: Your cohosts hate you. They only tolerate your stupidity because you're a mental car wreck whose collisions of opinions are perversely fascinating to watch. Your confused concepts smash themselves to bits on the short trip from your brain to your mouth, leaving lifeless ideas strewn everywhere like mangled corpses.

Case in point, Hasselbeck's "view" on abortion, one of the most traumatic decisions any woman is forced to make: "You also cannot ignore the fact that there are abortions done for superficial reasons and for reasons that are not extreme. That's my personal feeling." Yes, what the hell? It's Wednesday, the dishes are done, might as well have a surgeon scrape my uterus with a scalpel, right, Elisabeth?

During the Jeremiah Wright controversy, *The View*'s panel noted that looped news clips reduced the pastor's decades of preaching to 20-second sound bites. In the meantime, Hasselbeck rose to the defense of hatemongers everywhere: "I'm sure at some point, Jeffrey Dahmer ate peanut butter sandwiches. That doesn't make the fact that he ate people any less wrong." Huh? Peanut butter sandwiches relate to Reverend Wright how, exactly? You're not trying to compare him to a psychotic, sadistic, serial-killing rapist/cannibal, are you? When Hasselbeck tries to explain anything, it's like listening to a stroke victim giving directions to Fourth and Main.

In a discussion of Islamic anti-Americanism the ditz opined, "They want both Jews and Americans to die," summarizing complex centuries of Mideast history into eight words. George W. Bush couldn't have misstated it better. Forget longstanding Israeli assaults on Palestinians; never mind exploitation by European and American corporations; skip over the dictatorships propped up by U.S. dollars and armaments; don't concern yourself with the CIA undermining sovereign nations (as the Agency did in Iran and Iraq). No, it's not complicated, is it, Liz? It's simple, just like you.

Hasselbeck praised the Iraq "surge" as if it actually worked. Listen up, honey: The "surge" was not a temporary thrust to victory; it was a long-range escalation of ground troops. The main reason for a drop in violence was bribery: We paid the Sunnis to stop shooting at us. And remember, the goal of the "surge" was to establish stability so we could turn policing over to Iraqis—which still hasn't happened.

"I'm a better person because I got beaned in the head by a dodgeball in the third grade," Lizzie once stated on *The View*, an observation that explains a lot. An AOL survey recently proclaimed Elisabeth Hasselbeck the "worst interviewer on TV." Pulling in 37% of the more than 1.35 million votes, she beat out blowhards like Larry King, Dr. Phil and Tyra Banks. Elisabeth, think about it: You beat out *Larry King!*

On the bright side, Mrs. Hasselbeck has hinted that maybe her private life is less than squeaky-clean. "Does porn really help women?" she pondered on one show, "because I feel like it just sets up this bizarre expectation. I don't know, I never—" Much to our dismay, the right-winger's fellow hens cut her off.

Wait, Liz, you never *what?* Wore stiletto heels while getting drilled in the ass? Hung head-down from a trapeze while smoking dick? We suspect she was going to reveal a juicy secret about her hubby (former NFL quarterback Tim Hasselbeck), a jumbo-size tub of Crisco and the New York Giants' defensive line.

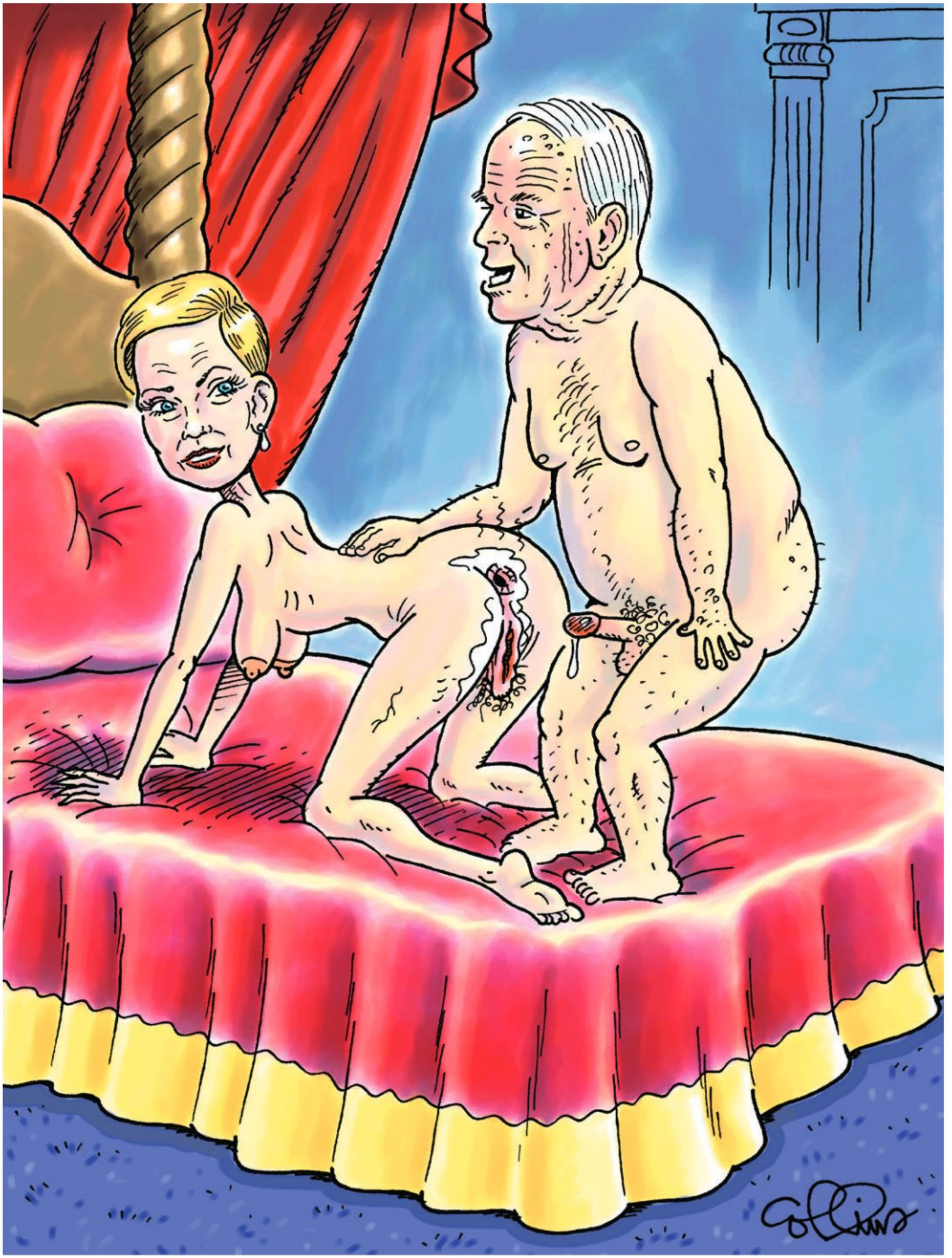
The aforementioned episode of *The View* also focused on ménages à trois, and Hasselbeck seemed to know a lot about them, pointing into the audience: "This guy right here—he's got a threeway face." Cohost Sherri Shepherd wondered, "What's a threeway face?" And Whoopi Goldberg cracked, "I'm scared to ask." Maybe Elisabeth recognized the guy because she recalled burying her face in his ass. Let's hope the scatterbrained looker is a good fuck. She's got to be good at something…because it sure isn't thinking. Or even speaking.

P.S. Elisabeth, the show's audiences hate you too!

FARTS IN THE WIND

•JOHN EDWARDS fought hard to become the Democrats' 2008 Presidential nominee while hiding a hugely pregnant skeleton in his closet. Imagine the nerve of someone who not *only* had an affair with a blond-bimbo "video producer," not *only* cheated on his cancer-suffering wife, not *only* lied about it when the *National Enquirer* broke the story in December 2007, but still thought the Republicans weren't going to find out?! Had this ballsy jerk actually won the nomination, it would have ensured a genuine GOP landslide. Fancy a candidate with so much hubris that he thought he could get away with secret pregnancies, personal scandals and obvious coverups. Who did Edwards think he was, Sarah Palin?

•ANGELO MOZILO, poster boy for mortgage sharks like the soulless execs of Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, was chairman of the board and CEO of Countrywide Financial. Even as Mozilo assured shareholders that the company—one of the most egregiously greedy lenders in the mortgage meltdown—was solid as a rock, he dumped his own holdings. In May 2008, after receiving a desperate e-mail from a mortgage holder, Mozilo stupidly revealed his contempt for Countrywide's customers. Thinking he was forwarding a response to a colleague, Mozilo accidentally hit "reply," showing the bankrupt customer and the world that bank presidents can't be bothered with the problems of the "little people." Mozilo's asshole e-mail comment: "This is unbelievable; most of these letters now have the same wording. … Disgusting." The same can be said for you, Angelo.



"Will you quit flip-flopping, John! Pick a hole and go with it!"

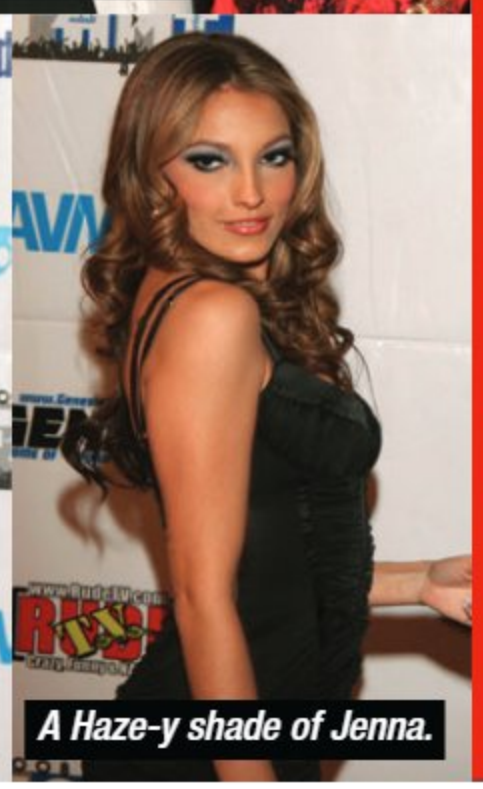
THE FAME GAME

Fame...everybody wants it. Some of porn's biggest and brightest showed up to grab their 15 minutes at this year's F.A.M.E. (Fans of Adult Media Entertainment) Awards. Held in conjunction with the Erotica LA expo, the annual gala allows XXX performers to pat themselves on the back while thanking God and their mothers in their acceptance speeches for awards like "Favorite Oral Starlet." Winners this year included Tera Patrick (Favorite Female Starlet), Jenna Haze (Favorite Anal Starlet), Jesse Jane (Hottest Body) and Stormy Daniels (Favorite Director). You hear that, Spielberg? *Stormy Daniels—Favorite Director!*

Hey, porn stars! Who let Jamie Kennedy in?!

Touchy-touchy Teagan.

Real doll Tori Lane.

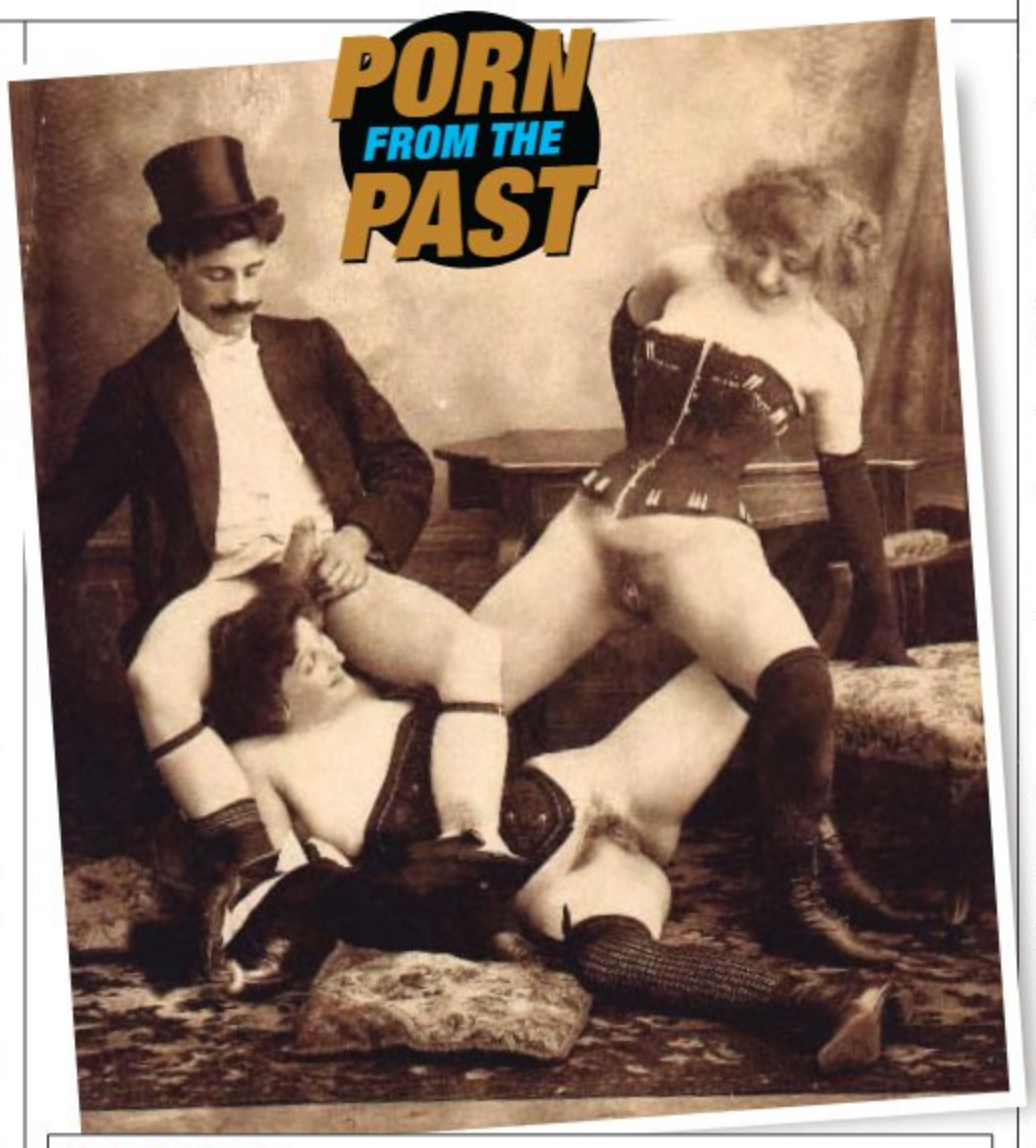


A Haze-y shade of Jenna.

PHOTOS BY: J.R. REYNOLDS

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Rick Springfield sure loves our magazine. The '80s rocker also digs getting stoned and dressing up dogs in people clothes. Don't believe us? Check out our interview with the dude who wrote "Jessie's Girl," beginning on page 98.



Here's one New Year's Eve party we're kind of glad we missed. Thanks and $100 go to T.D. of France for this gnarly photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"New Year's Day: Now is the accepted time to make your regular, annual good resolutions. Next week you can begin paving hell with them as usual." —MARK TWAIN, AUTHOR

NEWSBITES

Porn Inspector #69

Some guys will do anything to get free porn! A man went into a Longmont, Colorado, adult novelty store and demanded the clerk give him a bunch of XXX titles at no cost so he could make sure the performers were not underage. The impostor tried pulling this trick on three occasions over a nine-day period, each time flashing a badge and leaving a bogus business card that read, "Longmont Police: Age Verification Unit." The clerks all declined his requests. Hello, dude, if you're too cheap to buy porn, then maybe you should check out a little thing called the Internet.

Taking the Plunge

We'll go to great lengths to have sex with a drop-dead-gorgeous chick, but this is ridiculous. While making love in the backseat of his car, a man and his girlfriend unwittingly plummeted 150 feet off a cliff in Taiwan. It seems the Romeo had parked too close to the edge, and the motion of the clumsy couple's bump-and-grind eventually nudged the vehicle over the brink. If the car's a rockin', watch where you're parkin'.

Officer Down

Two police officers in England are in deep trouble. No, it wasn't for tampering with evidence or roughing up a suspect. It was for fucking on the job. Even more startling is that the lovebirds got it on in an office where onlookers gathered to enjoy the spectacle. The copulating couple has been suspended pending further investigation. We wouldn't call this a crime; we would call it the best cop show ever!

Shockingly Stupid

What do you get when you combine a not-so-bright guy covered in piercings and an electrical charge? A dead, not-so-bright guy covered in piercings. Ignoring pleas from his coworkers, an impetuous 23-year-old figured it would be funny to hook his nipple rings to two alligator clips connected to an electrical testing apparatus. Hitting the switch, the doofus was electrocuted within seconds. We imagine that dying this way didn't come as a shock to the victim's high school guidance counselor.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

Nothing says "Happy New Year" like giving a girl a champagne facial! Thanks to Creative Recreation (whatever the hell that is) for this month's found porn.

DAYS OF THE DEAD

We can't get enough of *Girls and Corpses*. You know, the spooky-cool publication renowned for scantily clad babes posing with a ghoulish assortment of dead guys? Now the mag's macabre madmen have produced a 2009 calendar featuring *Girls and Corpses* magazine's hottest chicks with the deadest cadavers. You need this hanging on your wall.

"New Year's Eve, where auld acquaintance be forgot. Unless, of course, those tests come back positive." —JAY LENO, TALK SHOW HOST

"The only way to spend New Year's Eve is either quietly with friends or in a brothel. Otherwise, when the evening ends and people pair off, someone is bound to be left in tears." —W.H. AUDEN, POET

NEWS BABES

Pert and perky Nicole Brady from Albuquerque, New Mexico's KOB-TV Channel 4 could easily replace Katie Couric as "America's Sweetheart." Just as long as Nicole stays away from the hard news. Thanks to B.H. of El Prado, New Mexico, for submitting the NBC affiliate's standout personality.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

MOW ME DOWN

Somewhere on a steamy highway in Virginia, one of our editors snapped this picture of a ride-on lawn mower called Hustler. We can only assume it can kick a John Deere's ass. We also assume our lawyers may be looking into a little trademark infringement.

Midori rocks!

Taylor Wane: Back in black.

A whorish line.

The end of Sunny Lane.

FOX-E LADIES

Why were Taylor Wane, Sunny Lane and several other porn hotties strutting their stuff on- and offstage at the landmark Whisky a Go Go on the Sunset Strip? It was just another Saturday night in Hollywood. Well, that *and* the FOXE follies, of course. Organized by skin-biz mainstay Bill Margold, the Fans of X-rated Entertainment's awards/burlesque/rock show gave regular Joes a chance to meet and see their favorite adult actresses in a different light. Plus, all the money went to charity.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Good
Clean
Fun
EDEN AMOR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

It feels really good to be out of uniform," proclaims **Eden Amor**, fresh from the ranks of the U.S. Army and now reporting for duty as HUSTLER eye candy. "Posing nude is something I would never have thought of doing while serving my country, but now that my tour is behind me, I can do whatever fun stuff I want." Of course, **Eden**'s former superiors and comrades will be seeing her in a whole new light. "I hope they think I look good," the ex-GI purrs. "These photos will probably surprise more than a few of my fellow soldiers. That's the best part of working as a model. Now I can wear anything I want—or nothing at all. One thing's for sure: I will never ever again be concealed in camouflage!"

Is **Eden** a demanding drill sergeant or an obedient recruit in the bedroom. "I like to be in control," the attention-getter admits. "I like a guy who knows what he's doing but doesn't mind taking orders. And I need to be on top. I don't just like to; I need to. I always get off again and again when I'm on top."

Finally, **Eden** sends a heartfelt message to the fighting men and women still deployed in Iraq and Afghanistan: “Be brave. Be proud. As you carry out your mission, we thank you every day for keeping America safe. I’m proud to have been in the military, and serving my country was a great honor. Everyone should support our troops.”

EDEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Vancouver, Washington | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 135

"Dammit, Marcia, my company is making a fortune producing body bags!
Who the hell do you *think* I'm voting for?!"

BLOWJOB OF THE CENTURY

I was looking down at the top of Julia's head, receiving what had to be the blowjob of the century. With my crown lodged deep in her throat, the blonde's tongue slapped around my pole. Her lips touched my pubic hair. Fingers teased my ball sac and played with my asshole. Saliva dripped over my nuts and trickled down my thighs. Slowly, Julia pulled back to my dick cap, her cheeks hollowing with suction, then lunged to my root. Fuck.

Her technique was amazing. Her skills, impressive. Then why, oh why, was I thinking about another woman, my soon-to-be-ex-wife? Thoughts of Adel filled my head, uninvited. I tried to erase them, tried to concentrate on Julia's magnificent cocksucking. No good.

It had been three months since Adel and I had separated. Three months since the night I'd arrived home from work to find the closets empty and a note taped to the fridge: "Sorry. Please understand. I need time to find myself." No phone number. No forwarding address. Though I'd discovered soon enough that Adel had driven directly from my humble condo to the mansion of another man. Dirty bastard. Lying slut.

I'd managed to stay drunk for the first 60 days. Julia, my coworker in the art department, did her best to cover for me. And folks expect a certain amount of erratic behavior from artists anyway. So I'd muddled through, and with more help from Julia, I was working on becoming sober.

Now she was working on making me forget my gold-digging ex. I tried to focus. Her mouth had moved to my jewels, where she nursed on one heavy nut, then the other. For a second she tried to stuff my whole sac between her lips, but it just wouldn't fit, so she contented herself with alternating, rolling each yarble in wet heat.

Fingers teased my ball sac and played with my asshole. Saliva dripped over my nuts.

At the same time her slick fist jacked my pecker and a finger pushed insistently into my rosebud. Sensory overload. Finally my mind went blank, and my body took over. Hot jizz raced up from my nuts to geyser into the air. A split second later Julia's lips were sealed around my prick head, and my spunk was spraying her throat. Girl took every drop, then smiled and said, "Delicious."

"Gosh, Ted, we have so much in common! I have an eight-inch dick too!"

One thing's for sure, in our two years, four months and eight days together, Adel had never swallowed, not once. Instead, she'd keep a tissue handy and spit my jism back out into it or, more likely, simply let my cum spurt into the air.

It was a Friday night, and Julia and I were in the den of my condo. After I'd hurled into the wastebasket at work twice, too drunk to make it to the restroom, my coworker had gotten into the habit of dropping by evenings. Those first few nights she just made sure I ate something to absorb the alcohol. Then slowly—without me even realizing it—she rehabilitated me. She got me to quit binge-drinking and start drawing again. And tonight Julia had taken our friendship to the next level.

Ostensibly she'd dropped by the house to look at my new sketches. Then, out of nowhere, she'd offered to pose for me, naked. I didn't know what to say. While I was stuttering, she started stripping. And then I was totally speechless. Her body was beautiful, all lush curves—milk-white breasts capped with fat pink nipples; wide hips; big, round, firm butt cheeks. Compared to her, Adel was a stick. When my cock responded, Julia had simply dropped to her knees and unzipped my jeans.

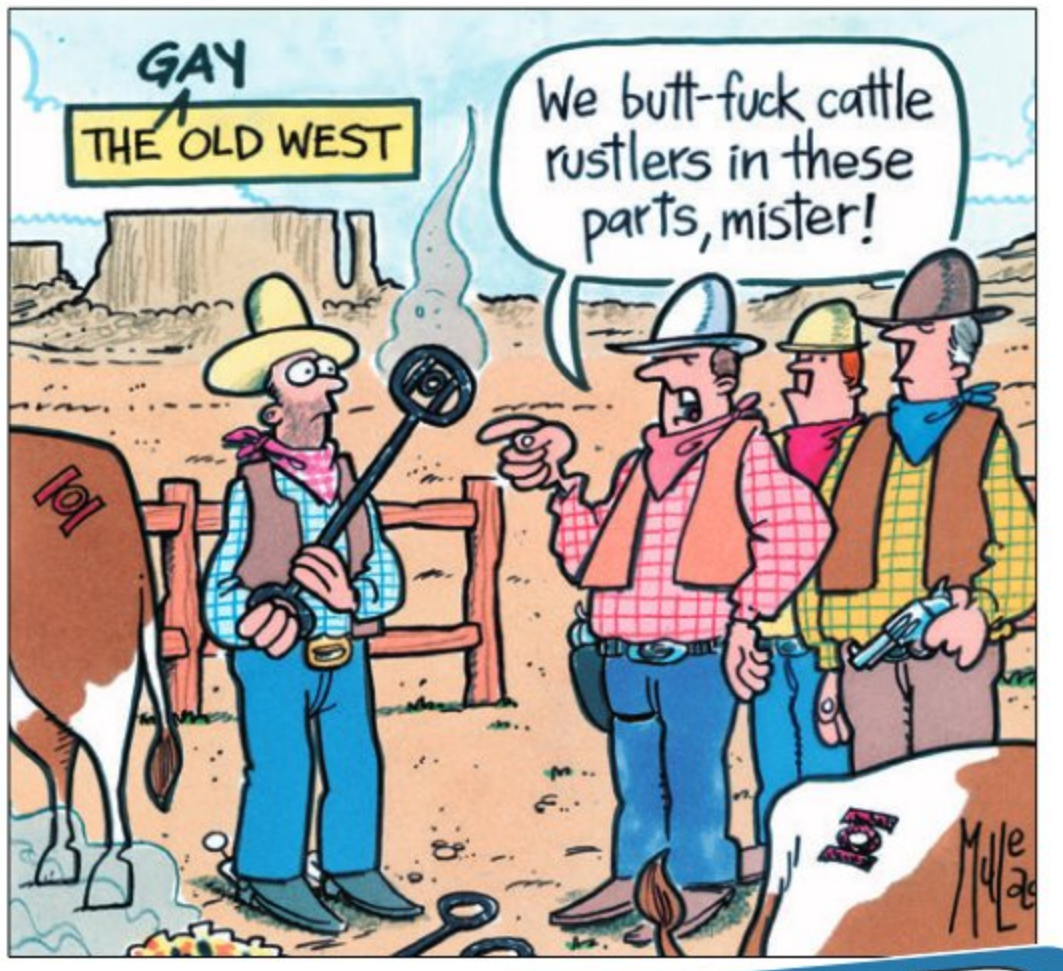
Now she was lifting a melon-size titty to her mouth and suckling on a long nipple. My pole stayed hard, and Julia led me by my boner to the bedroom, then jumped on the mattress. When she saw my eyes flicker over to the photo of Adel on the nightstand, she smashed the picture frame facedown and said, "Pussy or asshole?"

Smart girl, 'cause I hadn't enjoyed anal in—you guessed it—two years, four months and eight days.

Julia rolled over on the bed and shoved a pillow under her belly to push her tush high. The second I saw her puckered browneye, I was mesmerized. My dick pulled toward it like a divining rod. My cap, still wet with spit, pushed into Julia's tight, heavenly poop chute. Deep, deeper, all the way in to my sac. Her butt tunnel clenched around my shaft. I grabbed handfuls of ass flesh. And suddenly I couldn't remember my wife's name.

—C.L.
Charlottesville, Virginia

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



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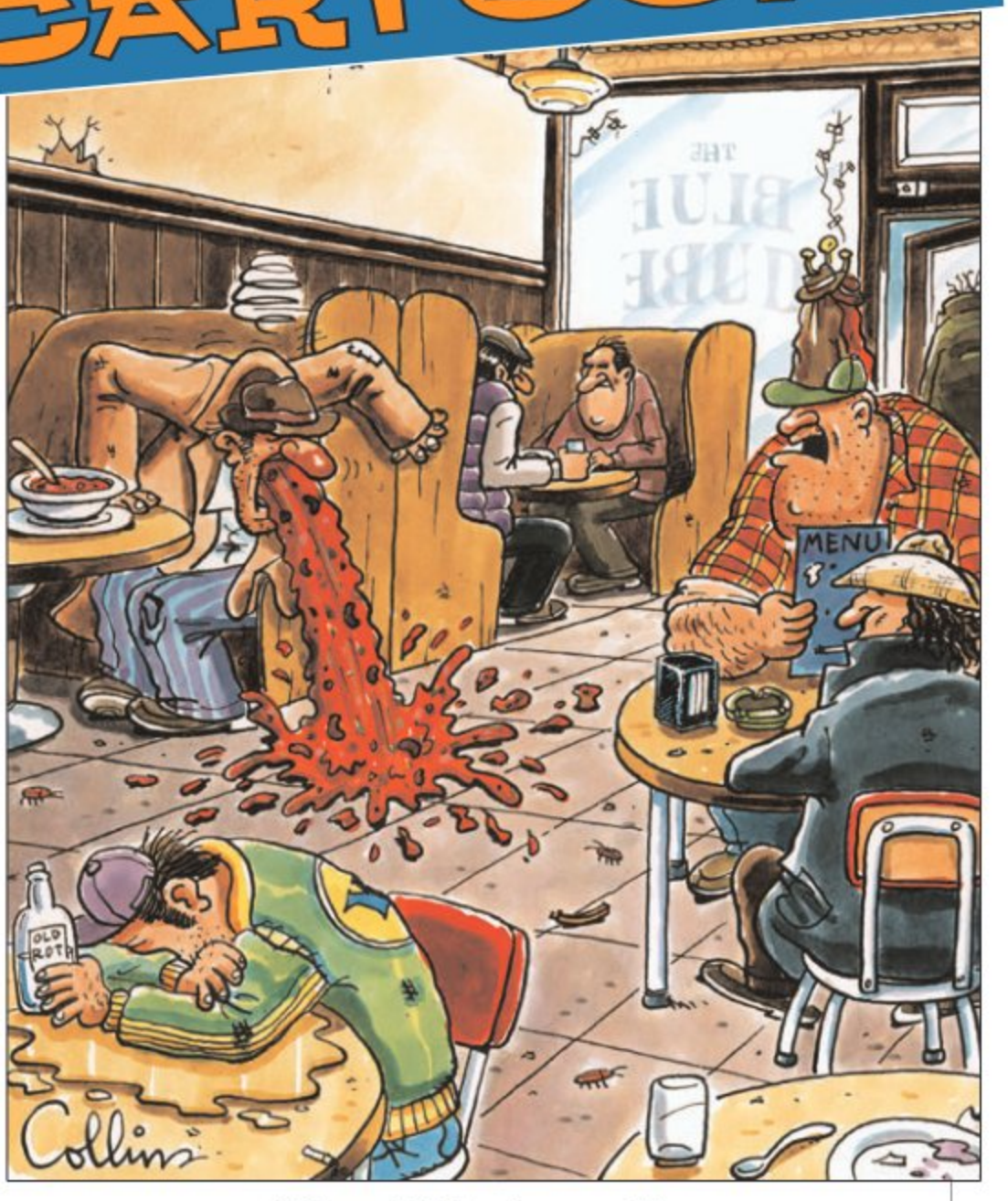


"The chili looks good!"

HI. LOUIS SIRKIN

KEEPING OUR LAW ALIVE (PART 1)

A PASSIONATE DEFENDER OF FREE SPEECH EXPLAINS WHY WE'RE LOSING THE BATTLE.

Trial lawyer H. Louis Sirkin specializes in legal challenges to government censorship. He first rose to prominence in 1990, defending Dennis Barrie—the director of Cincinnati's Contemporary Arts Center—against obscenity charges stemming from the exhibition of Robert Mapplethorpe photographs; a jury acquitted Barrie on all charges. Sirkin has represented clients on a variety of civil rights claims ranging from First Amendment cases to unconstitutional search-and-seizure violations of the Fourth Amendment. Most famously, Sirkin defended Larry Flynt when our publisher was charged with obscenity after opening a HUSTLER sex shop in Hamilton County, Ohio. Sirkin has prevailed in six U.S. District Court cases and in eight circuits of the U.S. Courts of Appeals. In 2001 he successfully argued the groundbreaking case *Ashcroft* v. *Free Speech Coalition* before the U.S. Supreme Court, which ruled that a so-called anti-child pornography law was unconstitutional and restrictive.

Jeffrey Douglas, chairman of the Free Speech Coalition, said of Sirkin: "He will travel to obscure little hamlets to handle misdemeanor obscenity cases for minimal compensation, because he is dedicated to a principle—the principle of freedom of expression."

HUSTLER: Regarding obscenity cases, how have things changed over the years?

H. LOUIS SIRKIN: As the result of *Roth* v. *United States* in 1957 there was a three-part test regarding obscenity. First, the material, taken as a whole, had to appeal to prurient interests, meaning it was lustful, lascivious or it was morbid and shameful. The second part of the test was in applying contemporary community standards, the material would be found patently offensive. The third part was the material had to be without socially redeeming value. Since virtually everything has some redeeming value, it became very difficult for the government to get convictions back then.

With *Miller* v. *California* in 1973 they kept the first two prongs, but they changed the third prong from "utterly without redeeming social value" to "whether the work, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

How did that impact the adult industry?

Everybody was worried about the change in the third prong. But then *Deep Throat* arrived [in 1972]. All of a sudden, adult movies took on a theme; they had a storyline. Now lawyers were bringing in expert witnesses to show that these movies were teaching people about human sexuality. So you had the third part of the test covered.

Then a lawyer from Baltimore, Burton Sandler, started working on the first part of the test—that the material, taken as a whole, would appeal to a prurient interest. He argued that the word *prurient* is not a term that, by definition, meant something morbid and/or shameful. He said if the average person in any community has a healthy interest in sex and if the material appealed to that person, that would be a normal sexual response. If it was normal, then it didn't appeal to a person's morbid and shameful interest. Using this approach, Sandler was getting acquittal after acquittal.

The big battle was did *prurient* mean a morbid and shameful interest in sex, or did it mean a lascivious desire to engage in sexual activity? It was an either/or.

In the case of *Brockett* v. *Spokane Arcades, Inc.* the Supreme Court said what was meant by the first prong was a morbid and shameful interest in sex. The government went ballistic. They said [in essence]: "According to your definition, the more morbid or shameful it is, the less likely it will cause a sexual response; bestiality wouldn't cause any sexual response in the average person; it would turn them off."

Who authored the 1957 decision?

Roth was authored by Justice William J. Brennan Jr. He wrote the majority opinion holding that obscenity was not protected by the First Amendment. *Miller* v. *California* was the decision that modified the third prong, but interestingly enough, Justice Brennan wrote the dissent. He said we've struggled for 15 years trying to define what is "obscene." And because the line between what is and is not protected is so thin, and given how important it is to protect the First Amendment, we should not be regulating sexually explicit material. No one really knows what's obscene legally until five justices in the United States Supreme Court say it's obscene.

What about claims that pornography is harmful or incites rape and violence against women?

We already had the 1970 Presidential *Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography*. They actually did some scientific studies showing there were no negative effects from pornography. No recognized person in human sexuality has been able to establish a relationship between porn and rape or violence against women. It's just not there.

What happened in the 1980s with the advent of videocassette recorders?

All of a sudden mainstream mom-and-pop stores were selling and renting sexually explicit videos. The business was moving away from people going to an adult bookstore or movie theater where they didn't want to be seen. I probably represented one of the very first stores that ever got charged. It was in a Fairfield, Ohio, shopping center located in Butler County. Video stores in Cincinnati—which is in Hamilton County—did not carry the X-rated material because of nuisance-abatement laws used by our prosecutor, Simon Leis Jr., the guy who prosecuted Larry Flynt.

At that time obscenity was only a misdemeanor in Ohio. And Fairfield was where the church was that founded Citizens for Community Values [CCV], originally called Concerned Citizens for Community Values. It was Reverend Jerry Kirk's group, a spinoff of Charles Keating's Citizens for Decent Literature. Keating was already gone from Cincinnati. He had moved toward the end of the '70s when

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

the savings and loan scandals, which he was involved in, first hit.

Anyway, under pressure from the CCV, the city of Fairfield rented, I believe, five movies from the video store. The city prosecutor brought charges against those movies in Fairfield Municipal Court.

Mike Murray and I tried the case. Using some experts, we got a hung jury. It was 5 to 3 for acquittal. No obscenity case had been lost in the greater Cincinnati area up to that time. At the retrial, Keating sent Bruce Taylor, from Phoenix, to show the people in Fairfield how to try an obscenity case. This time we got a 6-to-2 hung jury—six for acquittal, two for conviction. Fairfield decided not to try it again. We got a lot of attention from the video stores throughout the country.

Was that the end of it?

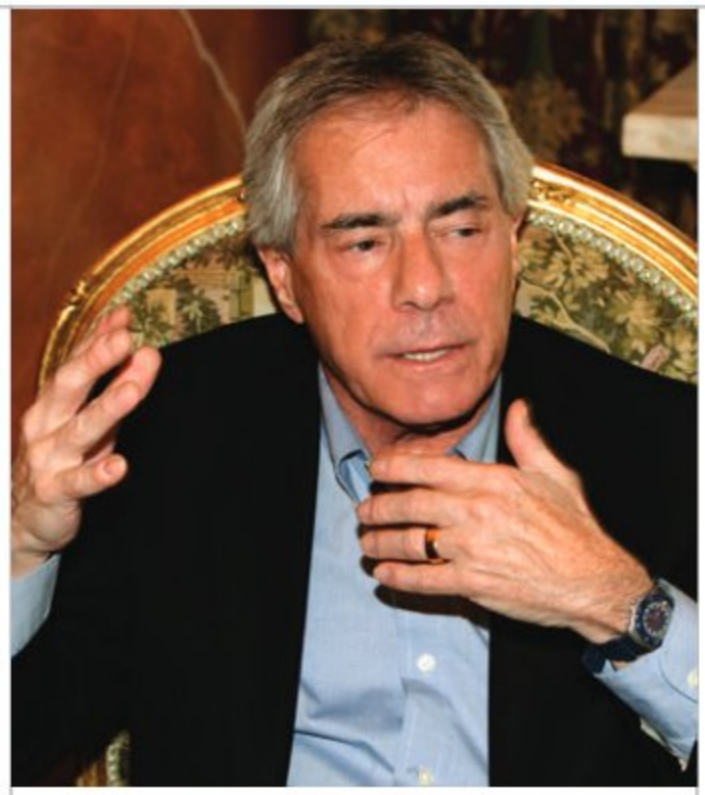
After the second hung jury in Fairfield, somebody active with the CCV ordered six movies from this Warren County store, five of which were the same as the Butler County movies. He had them delivered into Hamilton County, which allowed the store to be charged with obscenity.

I defended that case. I didn't use any experts. I used the argument about the appeal to a morbid and shameful interest. I also used the argument about political value. I had a jury that ranged in age from 21 to 55; seven women and one man. They had to watch all six movies. The jury deliberated for 20 minutes before coming back with an acquittal. And they asked the judge if they could keep the videos. They really liked them.

We were also winning cases in New Orleans and in Florida. There was a case in Greensboro, North Carolina, where we got a hung jury. In that case the government had an expert witness testify that the problem with sexually explicit material is that the average male would look at it, get an erection and masturbate. I asked the expert one question on cross-examination: "Doctor, in your opinion, is it unhealthy and morbid for the average male in this community to get an erection?" He turned beet red, the jury laughed, and, of course, he had to say, "No." I didn't ask anything else. I just sat down.

Tell us about the Robert Mapplethorpe exh b t in 9 0.

That was something only Cincinnati would do. They were laying in wait for the Mapplethorpe photo exhibit due at the Contemporary Arts Center. They figured if they could generate a prosecution in Cincinnati, it would end the existence of the National Endowment of the Arts. There were a lot of conservative right-wing congressmen who felt public money shouldn't



go into supporting anything they considered indecent. The prosecution argued that art is to be beautiful and make you feel better, but *real* art covers a wide spectrum.

Mapplethorpe had a picture of a guy in leather, either urinating or ejaculating into the mouth of another man. There was a picture of the guy with his testicles in a mouse trap and a picture of him with a bullwhip up his ass. There were also pictures of flowers, calalilies, kind of positioned to look like an erection, and a series of pictures of men in sexual positions. Those were 39 of 174 pictures from the total exhibit.

So the Citizens for Community Values in Cincinnati—upset that this homoerotic, sexually explicit exhibit was coming to the Contemporary Arts Center—began writing letters, whatever. We were concerned they would raid the museum and bring an obscenity prosecution, seizing photographs. Evidence withheld pending trial would cause a breach of contract. The Arts Center wouldn't be able to send it off to Boston.

On a Saturday morning the exhibit opened, and the prosecuting attorney brought a grand jury to the museum. They returned an indictment. Then they cleared the place. It was a very dramatic scene, with people screaming, "Hitler!" and "Gestapo!" The authorities videotaped the exhibit and took pictures, but they didn't seize anything.

We had a hearing on Sunday morning, and Judge Carl Rubin issued a temporary restraining order and preliminary injunction against the Cincinnati Police Department and the county, stating they could not interfere with the exhibit, nor send in uniformed officers. That quashed the attempt to shut it down. The exhibit went on uninterrupted. We were able to push the actual trial off until September, and the exhibit played, drawing 87,000 people. It then went on to Boston as scheduled.

The Contemporary Arts Center was found not guilty on October 5, 1990. That was the end of it because under the law, the state is prohibited from appealing a jury verdict.

Ad tb n tb Clib on Adh in stration.

We still saw some prosecutions of state cases with Clinton. I defended a video store in Virginia. I got an acquittal in about 25 minutes. The Justice Department also started going after the online bulletin boards. They brought some indictments in Kentucky. It was probably the late '90s.

In 2000 the government brought charges against a woman who, prior to opening her video store, had been a court reporter in Cincinnati. One of the movies she got charged with was *Jeff Stryker's Underground*, a gay movie. The undercover cop had told her he was interested in getting something for his father. Elyse [the former court reporter] thought this cop was somewhat effeminate. She thought he was struggling with his sexual identity.

We had a great jury. It included a physics professor, an English professor and a guy working on his master's degree in sociology who was choir director at an African-American church. As expert witnesses we used a psychiatrist and somebody from the English Department at the University of Cincinnati. That jury, out a very short time, came back with an acquittal.

They also went after a woman who was into the swinger lifestyle. She was married to a former high school psychologist. The couple made some home videos of her with several African-American men, and the woman sold them through the Internet. She mailed this particular video from her home in Cincinnati to an undercover officer in Cincinnati. We got the charges dismissed.

A couple of years later she had registered the domain name SimonLeis.com. If you put in the name of Simon Leis online [at that time], you'd get directed to that Web site. She'd have some derogatory shit about him, and then it would lead you to a Web site where you could order her films.

When Leis got wind of it, he went after the woman. She thought she was sending the tapes from Clermont [County] to Butler County because the ZIP code was not typically Cincinnati; it was normally for Butler County. [The address was] right on the county line.

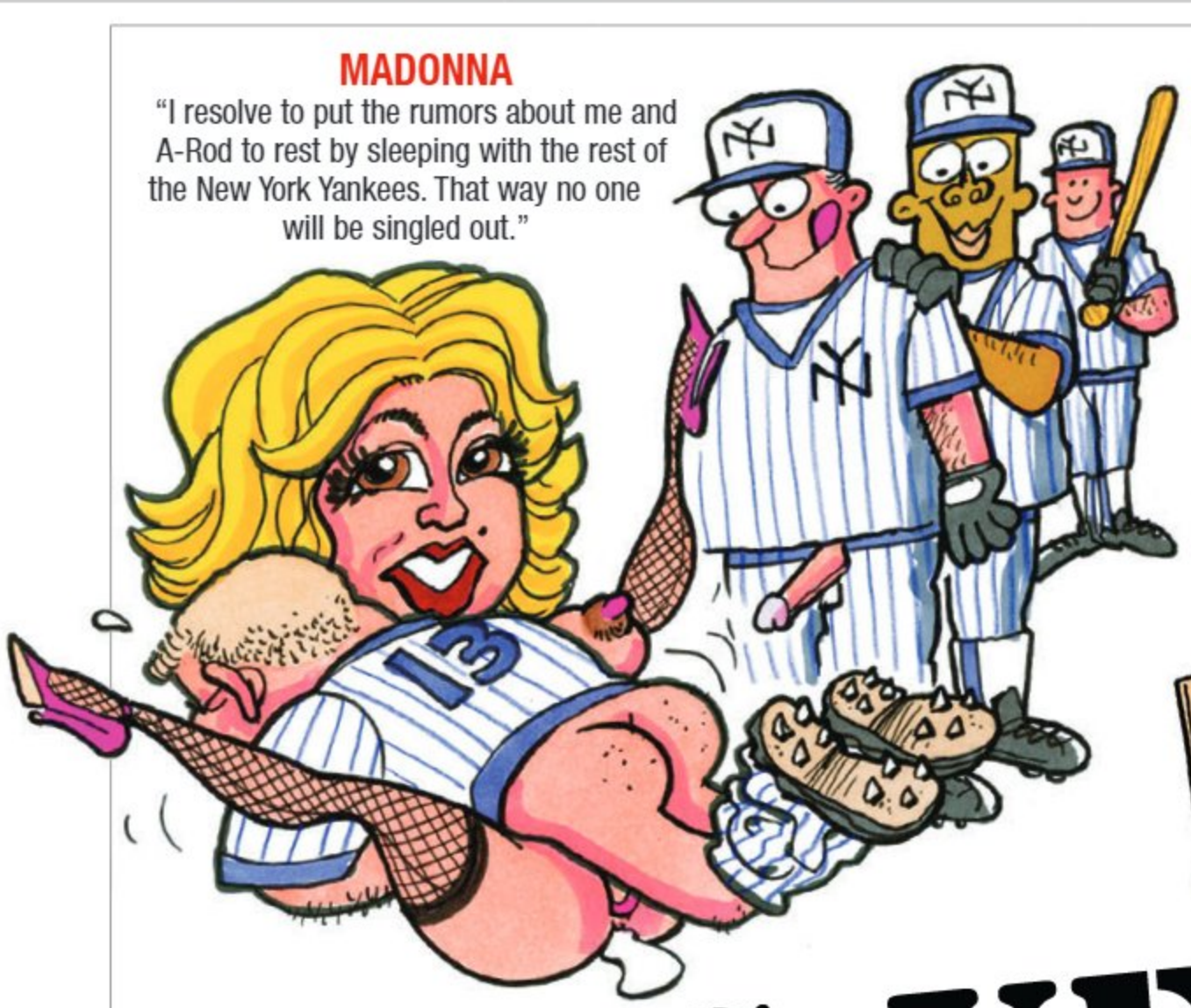
The prosecutors set her up, and she got charged. The judge sentenced her to a year in prison. We were able to get the conviction reversed, but she served seven months. She never was bitter. The weekend before I argued to the Court of *(continued on page 60)*

"It's easy: Just make your wife disappear."

BY KEITH VALCOURT

"THIS YEAR I RESOLVE..."

Resolutions. Every year we make them and quickly break them. The rich and famous are just like us, except they're richer. And, well, famous. They too make resolutions—and break them. Here's a batch of fake resolutions from real celebrities.



MADONNA

"I resolve to put the rumors about me and A-Rod to rest by sleeping with the rest of the New York Yankees. That way no one will be singled out."

GEORGE W. BUSH

"Now that I've done my duty as President and run this country into the ground, I resolve to get back to what I'm good at: running private companies into the ground."

BRITNEY SPEARS

"I resolve to take a break from my come-back to teach my kids what's important in life: fame, fortune and how to smoke."

TED KENNEDY

"I resolve to fight this brain tumor and remain alive as long as possible because there is no way I'm facing that Mary Jo Kopechne in the afterlife."

TATUM O'NEAL

"I resolve to never again buy crack while 'researching a role.' I'll just send an assistant to do my 'research' for me."

LINDSAY LOHAN

"I resolve to spend more time with my 'friend' Samantha Ronson doing the things that 'friends' do—like holding hands, kissing and eating each other's pussy."

HEATH LEDGER

"Even though I'm dead, I resolve to parlay the Oscar buzz over my performance as the Joker into my next film, a remake of *Weekend at Bernie's*."

ELIOT SPITZER

"I resolve to stop being a righteous, self-serving prick. But it would be righteous if some ladies would service *my* prick so I don't have to do it myself."

CLAY AIKEN

"To further prove I'm not gay, I resolve to get several more women pregnant the natural way—with a turkey baster."

KIRSTIE ALLEY

"I resolve to lose 20 pounds of ugly fat."

HUSTLER EXCLUSIVE:

AUDRINA PATRIDGE

THE HILLS STAR GETS NAKED

Audrina Patridge has been lighting up the small screen ever since MTV's drama-fueled reality series *The Hills* first aired in 2006. Best described as a guilty pleasure, the hit show follows the privileged lives of Hollywood Hills housemates and neighbors Whitney Port, Heidi Montag, series protagonist Lauren Conrad and Patridge. Each week millions of viewers tune in to watch as the twentysomethings struggle with a myriad of "pressing" issues that include dating, dream jobs and, of course, roommate dynamics.

At press time, according to MTV, the third season's premiere episode was the highest-rated cable telecast of 2008. A bevy of haughty, attractive blondes could be responsible for *The Hills'* success, but raven-haired Audrina outshines the fair-haired trio thanks to her lithe, toned body, sultry eyes, bright smile and willingness to shed her designer duds.

A natural in front of the camera, Patridge posed for these amazing pictures when she was fresh out of high school. As for the neophyte model's provocative pink-and-black checked miniskirt, we have it on good authority that it was purchased from the HUSTLER Hollywood store in Los Angeles.

PHOTOS: SPLASH NEWS

BY ERICKA RACHELLE

TELEVISION SIREN SHEDS INHIBITIONS ALONG WITH HER WARDROBE.

THE HILLS STAR GETS NAKED

Since these photos were taken, Patridge has quickly worked her way up Hollywood's golden ladder. The California native has snagged a guest role on Fox's prime-time sitcom *Do Not Disturb* (directed by Jason Bateman and costarring Jerry O'Connell). She is also slated to star in her first feature film, MGM's sequel to *Into the Blue*. Patridge takes up where Jessica Alba left off, leading a group of scuba divers seeking Christopher Columbus's long-lost treasure. But who cares about the storyline when you'll get to see more of Audrina's supple, bronze body in a minuscule bikini for most of the movie. Thanks for showing us your hills, Audrina!

A Winning Pair

RILEY EVANS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Busty beauty **Riley Evans** is frank: "I know that men don't like me for my wit and intelligence. They like me for my kickass body and big boobs. I'm cool with that. To be honest, I'm not all that interested in making small talk with the guys I pick up. I'll take a good fuck over a good conversation any day of the week!" The zesty porn star keeps it real: "Sex on film is hot and feels really good. I'm not acting; I'm fucking on film. I don't pretend to have an orgasm. I actually come. The only time I don't is if I'm with some porn guy who's too worried about how his hair looks to get me off. I prefer real men over pretty boys."

See all of **Riley Evans** in *Taboo: Mind Fuck*, *Barely Legal POV #2*, *Busty Beauties: Savanah Loves a Pearl Necklace*, *White Trash Nurses* and *Pussy on Pussy* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Can you be more precise, **Riley**? "I've been with everyone from construction workers to businessmen to dudes who work at gas stations. I make my own money, so all I really need is a man who can make me laugh and knows how to please me. Do that, and I'll do anything you want in return. Anything!"

RILEY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Bradenton, Florida | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 118 | MEASUREMENTS: 34D-25-35

BY MARK JOHNSON

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF *Sinnamon Love*

A PEEK AT THIS PORN SUPERSTAR'S PRIVATE LIFE PROVES THAT EVEN A SPECIALIST AT HOT, DEVIANT SEX CAN BE THE MOST NORMAL PERSON IN HER NEIGHBORHOOD.

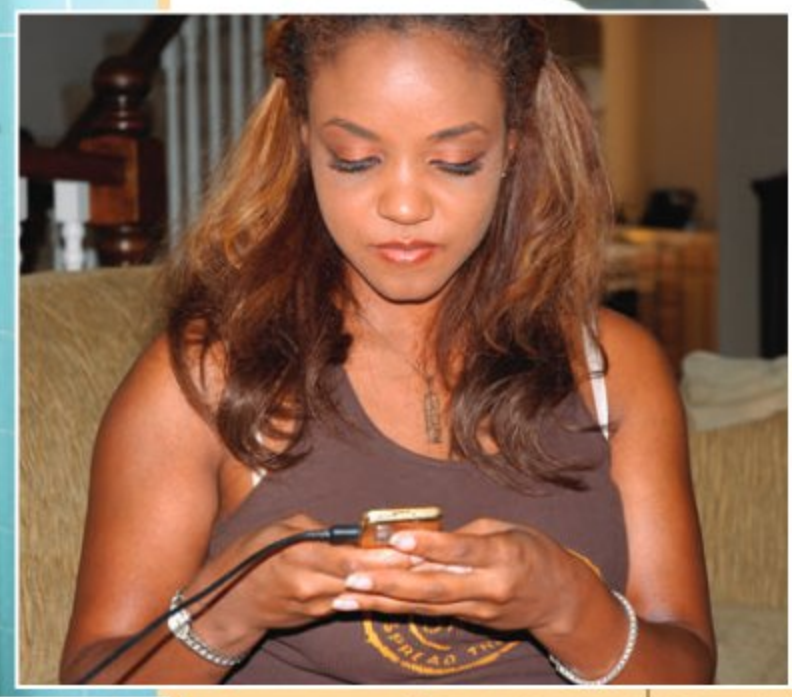
W b d you lik a fn fi? I baked them this morning."

It's not the greeting I expected from one of the raunchiest performers in the history of hard-core. But even after 15 years in the biz, Sinnamon Love still isn't your usual porn star. She's a consummate professional, but also a clean-living homebody and loving parent. The 34-year-old bombshell runs her Web sites, shoots her hard-core content and raises her daughter as a single mother—all at her three-level townhouse in Southern California's San Fernando Valley. Sinnamon Love, you could say, is the ultimate stay-at-home mom.

I arrive around eight in the morning, a few minutes after she's sent her ten-year-old off to school. "I don't let anyone from the porn world into the house until my daughter leaves," Sinnamon explains. "And *everyone* is out by the time she gets home. I keep those two worlds strictly separate."

I look around: a typical kitchen decorated by her daughter's drawings, a spacious living room with plush, wall-to-wall carpeting, cozy furniture and a TV tuned to *The View*. The mantelpiece is covered with family portraits and pictures of Sinnamon as a girl, a teenager and a mom. It couldn't be more perfectly suburban and middle class. A cute dog pads into the kitchen and hides behind her legs.

PHOTO COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT



"His name is Duke," Sinnamon says. "He's shy around men."

I make some wisecrack about how it must be tough on the little guy with strange men regularly dropping in to bang his mistress.

"I put him in his little cage when I'm shooting, so he doesn't come upstairs," Sinnamon explains. She offers me some fresh-brewed coffee, then fills me in on her morning routine.

"I get up at 5 a.m., hop on my computer and check my e-mail," the multitasker begins. "I'm in the shower by 5:30. Even if I'm not shooting, I usually do my makeup early. It's a time-saver. At 6:30 I wake up my daughter. Our biggest fights are about what she's allowed to wear. She'll want to wear something sexy, and I have to tell her, 'Take that off; they'll send you home if you wear that!'"

A porn mom's life if full of irony, I think to myself.

"We have breakfast and watch *Good Morning America* while I'm doing her hair," Sinnamon continues. "She wants to watch cartoons, but I like her to know what's going on in the world. After she leaves for school, I have about an hour to clean up and do the laundry before I start shooting."

No housekeeper? "Sometimes I get requests from submissives who want to come in and clean," Sinnamon replies, "but it depends on my schedule. It's usually easier for me to do it myself. To be honest, it's hard to find a sub who really wants to clean well."

Sinnamon has cleared the day for us, but grime never rests. "Usually by now, I'm in front of the camera," she huffs, scouring until the countertop is blinding. "But I'm in a cleaning mood. I just have to get this clean. My shooting schedule is from 9 to 2. I don't like to leave the house, which sounds kind of crazy, but I don't like driving."

She gets suddenly dead serious: "I was in a really bad car accident a while ago. Went right through the windshield. So I try to shoot most of my content here."

In addition to her more traditional fare, Sinnamon was one of the first black stars to become a fetish favorite, serving various niches like smoking, foot, bondage, even sneezing porn. "I shoot four scenes a month for hard-core and 30 clips a month for each clips-for-sale site," she says. "The fetish sites are huge."

Sinnamon grabs her cell phone and checks the time. It's 8:42.

"Duke has a nine o'clock with the groomers," she announces.

We head out into her sunny, serene Tarzana neighborhood and turn the corner onto the main drag. A road crew is standing around a hole in the street. A couple of the hard hats stare as Sinnamon struts past. Spotting my camera, one of them grins. I ask her if people recognize her often.

"People recognize me in the supermarket all the time," she says. "There are a lot of porn industry people who live around here, of course, but regular people know me as well. I'm always friendly to them, and they're usually nice. I like having fans."

At a few minutes to nine her cell rings. "Hey girl!" She launches into some chitchat. Then, "Feel like doing some content today?"

Porn is a profession of opportunity. With performers booked solid, you have to jump when talent comes available.

"Cool, I'll call you back."

It looks like our nonporn day might get cut short.

We leave Duke at the groomers and head back to Sinnamon's place. As I follow her upstairs to collect the laundry, she catches me gawking at her legendary booty. "That's a lot of ass," I remark.

She giggles politely. "People have been saying to me lately, 'Your ass has gotten bigger,' but it really just lifted up from going up and down stairs all day. My body transforms a lot, depending on what I'm doing."

By the time the laundry's churning in the washer, it's ten o'clock. "It feels like half the day is gone!" Sinnamon grumbles.

I remind the actress that we should reconstruct her morning for the benefit of our readers. That would mean a shower scene, of course. "Sure!" Sinnamon exclaims. "I've never done a shoot in my shower. That'll be fun."

I agree.

Always the pro, our gracious hostess decides to freshen up her makeup. She throws on some Amy Winehouse and sings along, wielding an eyeliner pencil. "I do everything backwards, lipstick and eye shadow first," she explains. "I think of it as the order of disorder."

Her comment reminds me of something else that makes Sinnamon unusual in the skin biz: brains. She launched her XXX livelihood after earning a psychology degree from the University of Southern California. To escape the post-college debt trap, she went into porn. Self-employment suits her, but Sinnamon admits she sometimes reconsidered her career choice, especially after the birth of her first child.

"I took a couple of years off and worked in a medical lab downtown," she recalls. "It was tough and just as dangerous. One day I took a urine sample, and it was burgundy-colored. I said to myself, 'That's hep C. I may as well go back into porn.'"

Sinnamon wraps up the makeup session. The transformation from mom to porn goddess is striking.

"I look totally different with makeup on," she says. "Sometimes my daughter comes home after a shoot, and she'll say, 'Who are you, and what have you done with my mom?' "

I seize on the comment to ask a delicate question: "How aware is your daughter that her mother is a porn star?"

"She has questions sometimes," Sinnamon replies. "I've always told her, 'I'm an actress. And sometimes there are other people, and sometimes those people are naked.' But now she's in sex education at school, and she's like, 'Mom, that's what you do?! That's gross!' "

Sinnamon adds that some of the parents know what she does for a living, but it hasn't been a problem. "Whenever there's some function at the school, I make muffins and cupcakes," she says. "They're like, 'Omigod, she made them; she didn't buy them.' I'm a normal parent. That's what people see. And this is California, after all."

SINNAMON LOVE is originally from Michigan, where being a porn star would get you ostracized. Despite the distance and her brazen career, she's kept her roots strong. "My family is still in Flint," she says. "I go back there a few times a year, and I talk to my mom three or four times a day. I'm a big family person."

Her cell phone buzzes. It's Mom, right on cue. Sinnamon tells her about taking Duke to the groomers and mentions that a HUSTLER reporter is following her around for a story. She even lets her mother know that she might be shooting some content later that day.

"I tell my mother everything," Sinnamon says afterward. "It's one of the things that keep me grounded." She confides that her family wasn't happy about her going into porn, but they've always been supportive.

"I love my mom, and we have a very strong relationship," she goes on. "I know how important that is, so that's why I make sure I take good care of my own daughter."

By 10:30 it's finally shower time. Literally turning back the clock *(continued on page 73)*

PHOTOS BY MARK JOHNSON

SCREEN NAME:

Chase Monroe

AGE: 29

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 7,049

LOCATION: Los Angeles, California

URL: MySpace.com/ChasingMonroesPast

Believe it or not, our latest MySpace discovery was once considered an ugly duckling, complete with braces and glasses. As you can see, Chase Monroe has blossomed quite nicely. "I love a man who is packing so big, he needs a license to carry that thing," coos the tell-it-like-it-is looker from L.A. "But I can orgasm faster with a girl—there's something sexy about two naked girls lying together in bed."

But if Chase finds someone irresistibly alluring, she won't even bother with a comfortable bed. The self-proclaimed "kinky flirt" once took on two adventurous females in the backseat of her SUV in broad daylight. "A friend was driving while we were playing," Chase reminisces. "I think I'm still going to hell for that one—it was a Sunday afternoon."

Her demand that sex partners be available and ready to go at all times is strictly enforced. "My ex-boyfriend got a job at a Hollywood nightclub," Chase confides. "As workers were painting and hammering during the day, we were getting it on upstairs in the girls' bathroom."

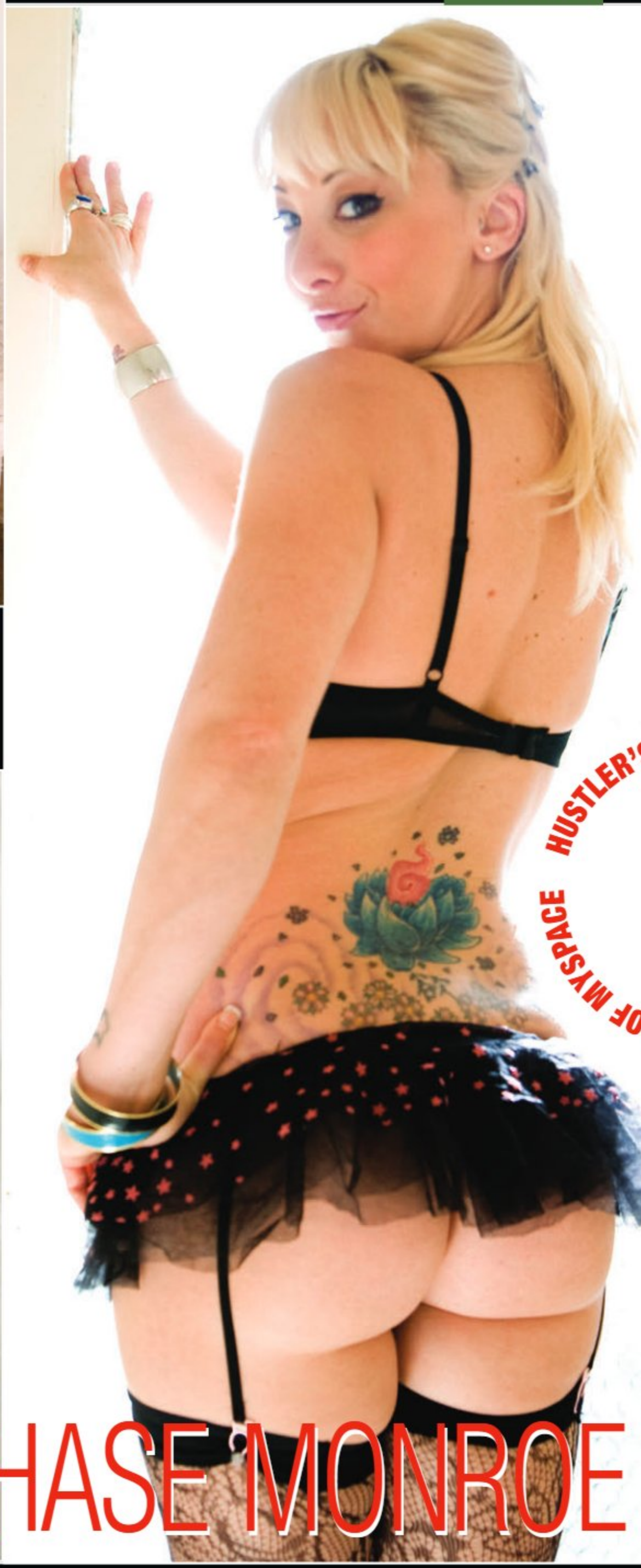
Yes, with a personality that runs the gamut from "loud and crazy" to "sweet," Chase is quite unpredictable and sometimes very submissive. "You never know what I'll ask you to do to me," the mischievous minx confides. "Take charge, take my hand, and I'll follow you anywhere. Put me in my place when I get too loud. Pull me in an alley, grab me tight and make me quiver."

For those who need to know, Chase is single and enjoying the life of a playful twentysomething in what she calls the "cruel yet so addicting City of Lost Angels." But anyone interested in pursuing this wild child should heed her provocative warning: "Your toes better be strong, 'cause I'll keep you on them 24-7."

THE GIRLS OF M

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.



HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE

MYSPACE: CHASE MONROE

"Sending $158 million worth of cigarettes to Iran is one way to kill them. And while we're at it, let's send some E-coli spinach, tainted tomatoes and mad cow beef!"

"You can't blame me for the country goin' down the shithole! I've never voted in my life!"

(continued from page 40) Appeals, she said to me, "Go down there and kick ass."

That brings us to the George W. Bush Administration. You successfully argued a virtual porn case before the U.S. Supreme Court. Where does the law now stand regarding animation depicting bestiality or adults having sex with children.

Based on *Ashcroft* v. *Free Speech Coalition*, illustrated or animated depictions of child pornography are not, in and of themselves, a violation of the law. But the animation could still be subject to prosecution under federal obscenity law even though it doesn't depict real people.

What about a mainstream movie like *Lolita*? Could that be considered obscene?

If it only gives the inference of sexual activity, it wouldn't meet the second part of the obscenity test, because there would be no patently offensive depictions, actual or simulated. The problem is with a movie like *Traffic* or *American Beauty*, where simulated sexual activity is shown with an actress playing the role of someone under the age of 18.

The argument we made in *Ashcroft* v. *Free Speech Coalition* is that laws like the Child Pornography Prevention Act, which state "appears to be" or "gives an impression" that there's a minor engaged in sexual activity, would thwart a substantial portion of artistic work. You can depict a minor having sex with an adult as long as it's an adult playing the minor. That's clearly what *Ashcroft* v. *Free Speech Coalition* established.

Justice Clarence Thomas supported our position in *Ashcroft*. He was in the majority. We won on the overbreadth of the statute 7 to 2. On the virtual reality issue, Justice O'Connor sided with [Chief Justice] Rehnquist and Scalia. Justice Kennedy authored *Ashcroft* v. *Free Speech Coalition* in an absolutely magnificent opinion that was really very pro-First Amendment.

Tell us about *Reliable Consultants, Inc.* v. *Earle*, a Texas case you recently handled.

In February 2008 the Federal Appeals Court overturned a statute outlawing the sale of sex toys in Texas. We filed on behalf of a couple of retailers that wanted to sell sexual toys in their stores.

It is a basic right of privacy, no different than your right to have family planning. Today we recognize that people have the right of autoeroticism and that autoeroticism is improved by using a sex toy or a device. We took that on directly instead of saying it's for people who have sexual dysfunctions. Right now the states that still prohibit the sale of sexual devices are Mississippi, Alabama and Virginia. For the moment, the sale of sex toys is legal in Texas.

Next month, H. Louis Sirkin discusses the loss of habeas corpus, the incipient death of the First Amendment and a terrifying new law that could get someone charged as a sex offender for selling HUSTLER Magazine.

HAPPY

For Chicks About to ROCK

WE SALUTE YOU!

HUSTLER TAKES YOU INSIDE THE HARD-POUNDIN' WORLD OF ALL-GIRL TRIBUTE BANDS.

It's an average weeknight when you wander into a neighborhood dive bar. Immediately you hear a familiar riff from one of your favorite rock classics. It sounds better than you remember. Maybe this shitty club finally got a decent sound system. Wait! The song isn't blaring out of the speakers hooked to the jukebox. It sounds live. Is a band playing? Impossible; it only cost ten bucks to get in. No, what you're hearing could only be the real deal. Could your favorite classic rock group be performing at this local watering hole?

Nah, that's ridiculous! Those guys play stadiums. Maybe, just maybe, it's a secret club gig for that much-rumored mega-reunion?

As you rush toward the stage, navigating through the festive crowd packing the dance floor, you don't see the grizzled visions of your favorite rock gods Bon Jovi, AC/DC or Led Zeppelin. Instead, it's a bevy of babes rocking their collective ass off.

Welcome to the incredible world of all-girl tribute bands as HUSTLER showcases the sexiest *and* most talented in the land. These rock chicks will make you rock hard!

Blonde Jovi

BLONDE JOVI Bon Jovi always had a connection with the ladies. The pop rock giant's made-for-video, pretty-boy looks and light metal ballads seduced several generations of women, who swooned while rushing out to buy millions of their records. It seems natural that female rockers would be drawn to the legendary group's music. Recalls statuesque singer Priscila, who with compact cutie guitarist Angela formed Blonde Jovi on a whim, "We thought that one day we could only play Bon Jovi songs because we were such big Bon Jovi fans. It started as a one-night thing, and then we found these other girls and turned into an actual band."

But the fledgling group originally had a more risqué moniker. As keyboardist Celeste explains, "We were once called Boob Jovi. We debated between that and Blonde Jovi and finally settled on Blonde Jovi. Since we're a *girl* band, Boob Jovi would have worked too."

The ladies' adoration of their heroes runs back to meeting them in their younger days. Priscila: "In 1990 I was doing design work for one of their opening acts and found myself backstage. I'm not even sure I said thank you to Jon for taking a picture with me. I was completely starstruck."

Angela: "When I was 12, my girlfriend and I stalked them at their hotel at the Honolulu Hilton [Hawaiian Village]. Jon Bon Jovi, being the nice guy that he is, walks up to us to say hi, shake our hands and take a picture. My friend then asks Jon to go walking on the beach with her. He gets this odd look on his face and says, 'I'm really sorry,' and he takes off."

While Bon Jovi had an immense female following, Blonde Jovi's fans are different. Says the group's former drummer, Linda: "I'm always surprised how many closet male Bon Jovi fans there are. Everyone acts so macho because girls like Bon Jovi. Then we played these songs live, and guys were in the front row and knew every single word."

Looking at the members of Blonde Jovi, we're not convinced that guys in the audience are there solely for the music. But in the words of the classic Bon Jovi album, we *are* sure that the fair-haired bombshells are "slippery when wet." For more, check out **BlondeJovi.com**.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

AC/DSHE

"Because he was the coolest!" exclaims AC/DShe vocalist Bonny Scott.

The alluring ladies' live shows are a rocking party, and getting turned on is inevitable. "Our fans are great," Bonny continues, "but sometimes they get too into it. I've had my boots licked on a few occasions. We played a gig in Folsom, California, and some guy was jacking off during our set." With a laugh, the songbird adds, "He got his ass kicked by the bouncers."

Can't jerk off during their live shows? Good to know. For more, visit the hotties online at **AC/DSHE.com**.

WHOLE LOTTA ROSIES

Taking their name from an AC/DC song about masturbation, Whole Lotta Rosies is Los Angeles's sexiest all-girl AC/DC tribute band. The lineup features members with pinup looks and killer hooks.

Rhythm guitarist Trudi got the ball rolling in 2000. "I was playing in another girl cover band but wasn't happy with that," she recalls. "I decided to start a band that played the music I wanted to play, and my favorite band was and still is AC/DC. I put together an all-girl AC/DC tribute band because they're so loved. Every time you go into a bar, if an AC/DC song comes on, everybody there, no matter who they are, goes nuts."

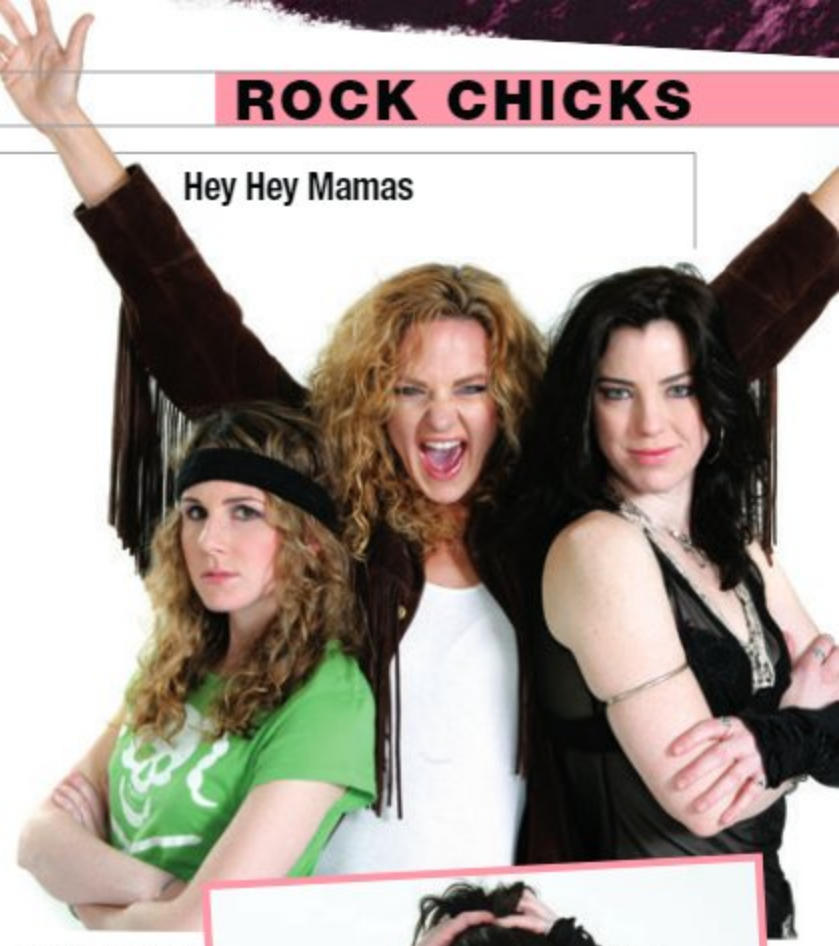
While rock 'n' roll can be a tough job, the members of Whole Lotta Rosies admit there are perks. Vocalist Coreen: "We have so much fun playing together. It's just an absolute blast. You just can't go wrong with playing AC/DC night after night."

Trudi: "For me the best part is the tours where we play overseas for the troops. Those guys are so incredibly appreciative of the entertainment coming from America. That to me has been the best part, and then a very close second is being in HUSTLER!"

Whole Lotta Rosies

We love a girl who knows how to suck up. Get a whole lot more of the adorable AC/DC worshipers at **TheRosiesRock.com**.

Hey Hey Mamas



AC/DSHE

Formed in 1997, the San Francisco-based group holds two distinctions. AC/DShe was the first all-girl AC/DC cover band and plays only material from its predecessor's early years. That means every tune is from the catalog with AC/DC's original lead singer, Bon Scott.

AC/DC is the most beloved band in classic rock history. You'd be hard-pressed to find someone who doesn't like to rock out to "Back in Black" or "Highway to Hell" on a regular basis. That may explain why AC/DC has inspired more than one female tribute band. Here are two of our favorites:

HEY HEY MAMAS

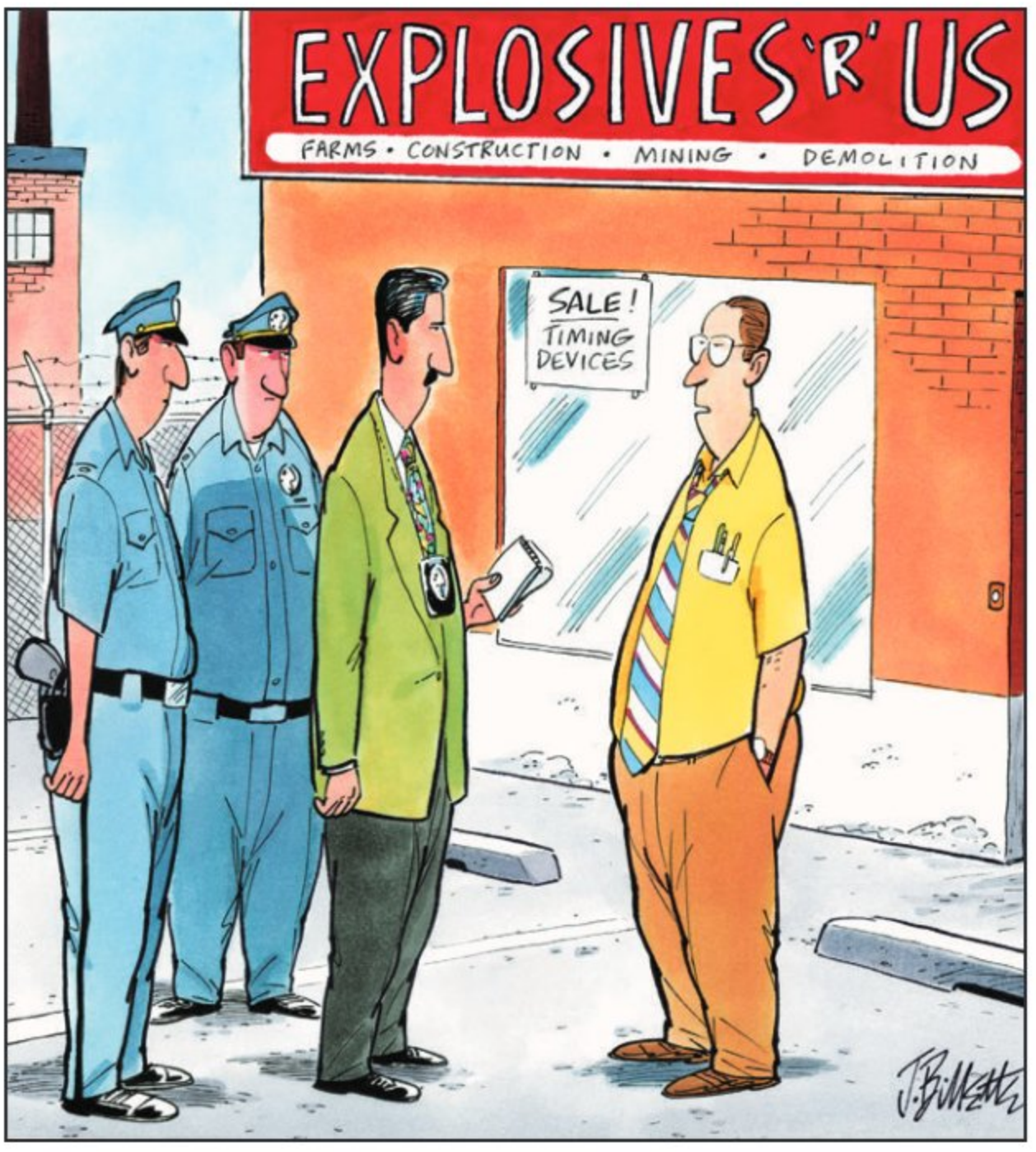
What Led Zeppelin pounded out in its heyday is considered by fans and critics alike to be some of the most technically challenging rock music ever conceived. Not the kind of daunting material a band composed of just pretty faces should bother to attack, right? It may be hard for some to believe, but the Hey Hey Mamas' talents rival their legendary inspirations.

But according to lead singer Wade, finding female musicians who measure up, not to mention keeping them onboard, has been an ongoing problem for the group. "We've gone through

The Iron Maidens

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

A MAGAZINE PAID MEGABUCKS FOR PHOTOS OF ANGELINA'S TWINS...
HUSTLER PAID A SUBSTANTIAL SUM FOR THIS PHOTO OF HER TWINS.
People
The Twins!
Trosley



"A bomb? ... In my wife's car? ... Omigod, that's awful."

a couple of guitarists," she laments. "It's hard enough to find someone that is good enough to play Zeppelin, period. When you have a chick that can play Jimmy Page licks, you tend to lose her to national tours."

For bassist Loa the best thing about being part of a female Zeppelin band is zapping an audience's misconceptions. "Most people show up at first for the entertainment value of seeing chicks *try* to play," she remarks. "The novelty thing of chicks onstage, and then it really blows them away when we nail it. They don't expect that."

Meanwhile, drummer Courtenay has a unique connection to Led Zeppelin's revered drummer. "John Bonham died the day I was born," the 28-year-old says. "While that didn't inspire me to become a drummer, I always wanted to be an alcoholic." Chicks that rock and drink? Count us in!

Say hey hey at **MySpace.com/HeyHeyMamas**.

THE IRON MAIDENS

English rockers Iron Maiden are not normally associated with women. Their patented blend of testosterone-fueled heavy metal and ghoulish theatrics have rocked a mostly male audience for decades. Maybe that's what makes Iron Maiden's opposite-sex counterparts so compelling. The world's only all-girl Iron Maiden tribute band, The Iron Maidens are five hard-rocking chicks, two of whom had an unexpected (and intimidating) opportunity to perform with their mighty idols.

Vocalist Aja a/k/a "Bruce Chickinson": "Wanda and I sat in with Nicko McBrain, the drummer for Iron Maiden, and that was terrifying and exhilarating at the same time."

Bassist Wanda "Steph Harris" Ortiz: "We were nervous."

"Bruce Chickinson": "Horribly nervous. You are up their doing the tune, and I turn around expecting to see a tiny brunette, and there's this big blond guy with no shoes on going, 'Yeah, your ass is a lot better than Bruce's [Dickinson]. He definitely dug Wanda's gams more than his bassist, Steve [Harris]."

The L.A.-based beauties have also enjoyed their fair share of groupie love. Drummer Linda "Nikki McBURRain" McDonald: "When guys get really drunk, they seem to want to have their body parts signed."

Guitarist Sara "MiniMurray" Marsh: "Guys tend to want their unit signed, but we usually have to just initial it because there's not much space. Initials are all that are going to fit. Initially they are a little uncomfortable about being a groupie, but once they are into us, it gets just fucking crazy!"

"Bruce Chickinson": "We have bootlickers. They're never out of control, but they really get into it. The fans of this music are really into it, and you add us being girls on top of that, and they get lost."

Get your licks in and maybe ogle some booty by venturing to **MySpace.com/TheIronMaidens**.

VERONICA RICCI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Ravishing **Veronica Ricci** refuses to be labeled. "I'm a nude model or whatever I feel like being," she insists. "I don't believe I should have to be categorized and just be a certain thing. Life is full of opportunities, and I plan on exploring all my options. That's how I got into nude modeling in the first place. Someone said, 'Hey, I bet you'd look great naked. Can I photograph you?' Then *boom!* I'm doing it all the time, and now I'm in HUSTLER. So you really have to be open."

Does that mean hard-core porn is looming on **Veronica**'s horizon? "Like I said, I'm open to anything. If someone wants to pay me to be in a porn movie with some hot guys and cute girls, why not? Doesn't seem like it would be a bad way to make a living, does it?"

When not taking off her clothes for top-notch shutterbugs, Miss **Ricci** has a wide variety of thrills. “I’m into travel, video games, roller coasters, museums and sexual tension,” the perky babe rattles off. With a laugh she quickly points out, “But not necessarily in that order. When it comes to sex, the chase really is the hot part. I never sleep with a guy until our third or fourth date. I prefer to let the anticipation slowly build. Yes, I’m worth the wait.”

VERONICA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Elk Grove, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 115

(continued from page 57) to 5:30, Sinnamon tosses off her bathrobe and turns on the water. For a couple of seconds I stop and stare. Sure, I've seen that stunning body before, but only in videos. I start snapping photos as Sinnamon soaps up.

After the shower replay, Sinnamon pulls on a tight T-shirt emblazoned with the words "SAVE DARFUR." Talk about drawing attention to a cause.

"I'm a big supporter of the Save Darfur movement," Sinnamon elaborates. "What's going on in Sudan right now is the same thing as the massacre in Rwanda in the '90s, but nobody wants to acknowledge that it's genocide. Meanwhile, thousands of people are dying."

Along with everything else Sinnamon does, she uses the Internet as a forum to express her views on politics and sex. "Right now I'm writing a column for **HipHopDX.com** called 'Sex, Love and Hip-Hop,' she says. "I interview artists about sex, art and porn." Without missing a beat, she applies toenail polish to a pair of flawless feet.

"Guys have been begging me to do a footjob," Sinnamon explains. "So I have to keep the feet perfect. I also have to exercise them more so I can curl them right without getting sore. True fetishists love the crinkles. That's very important to them."

By early afternoon, Sinnamon has usually converted her bedroom into a set and has a male member in one or more of her bodily orifices. "Basically, I go from mommy mode to makeup mode to production mode to porn mode—then back again," Sinnamon says. "That's a good day for me: do the laundry, clean the house, shoot some content—all before my daughter gets home."

After retrieving Duke, Sinnamon makes a couple of phone calls to slot in a shoot that afternoon. I hang around while a black guy and a cameraman invade the cozy domicile. The young stud confides to me that this is like a lifelong dream-come-true for him. He's been a Sinnamon Love fan since he first started watching porn.

Two hours later the desired content is in the can, and Sinnamon has removed all trace of professional activity. Her daughter will be home soon, so I expect to be chased out any minute too.

"I like to have dinner ready when my daughter gets home," Sinnamon says, chopping onions. "We eat together, and then I check my e-mail, talk to my mom again and help my daughter do homework. By 9:30 I put her to bed. I'm usually in bed by 10:30, but I generally do some Webcam before I go to sleep."

Still marveling at her ability to juggle porn and parenting, I give Sinnamon a hug and thank her for the hospitality—and an unforgettable day. She banishes the porn world with a cheerful "Bye!" and heads back to the kitchen, already deep in "mommy mode."

For more, visit the spicy lady's official Web sites, ***ClubSinnamonLove.com*** *and* ***ProfessionalDomme.net.***

THANK GOD I'M SUCH A PRICK...
IF I HADN'T STARTED A NEEDLESS BLOODY WAR, TOTALLY FUCKED UP THE ECONOMY AND SHIT ALL OVER THE BILL OF RIGHTS, THESE MEMOIRS I'M WRITING WOULD BE SUCH A FUCKING BORE!

A MIKE CREED ADVENTURE

A Bullet fo

TOUGH GUY INVESTIGATOR **MIKE CREED** GOES ON THE PROWL FOR BAD GUYS—AND REALLY BAD GIRLS.

It was the hangover from hell. My eyes refused to open in the penetrating glare of an L.A. morning. There was a classy dame, I remembered, looking hot and interested at the Skybar the previous evening. We shared some drinks, some laughs, some nuanced references. Then a wild ride in my convertible down Sunset Strip. After a quick left up Laurel Canyon Boulevard and some screeching hairpin turns through the Hollywood Hills, we were at my place. I remembered being in bed with—what the fuck was her name?—her lush lips reaching up to meet mine…. Then it all went blank.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, I rubbed my eyes. Then, slowly, painfully, I pried them open. My first thought: *Funny, I don't remember an earthquake.* It must have been a shaker; everything was upended and spilled across the floor. My drawers, my files—my chairs had even been sliced open, as if…. That's when it dawned on me: My house had been ransacked. By what's her name.

Okay, I was a little slow on the uptake. Blame it on the hangover. But now I was putting two and two together. A few weeks earlier my office had been broken into. Now someone was making house calls. *She* was making house calls.

A quick shower, a cigarette and a few lines of coke had me driving back to the Skybar for some answers. Or at least one answer: Who was that woman? Luck was with me. Jan, who'd been waitressing the night before, was just getting ready for the lunch crowd.

"So you finally met your match," the chesty Italian laughed. Jan and I had been an item a few years back. She had every right to mock me.

"Do you know who she was?" I prodded.

"Omigod, Mike! Now you're having blackouts?"

"I was drugged," I muttered. I was pretty sure that was true. "Do you know her name?"

Jan was incredulous. "You don't know?! Does Carol Steel ring a bell?"

Carol Steel was a P.I., new in town but already establishing a reputation for herself. Even before our little get-together I'd heard she was good-looking and as sharp as a tack.

A half hour later I was banging on Steel's door. Her office was on Robertson, kind of upscale but not the Ritz. She opened the door, and I pushed my way inside. "I didn't say you could enter," the blonde complained.

"You didn't say I couldn't," I shot back, slamming the door behind me, then locking it.

"What do you want?" She was wearing tight jeans and a blouse, opened one button too many. I tried not to stare. I wanted to keep my mind on business. "You busted up my place pretty good," I growled.

"What are you talking about?!" Steel protested. "You passed out, and I took a taxi home."

I smacked the bitch, knocking her to the floor. "Start making sense!" I demanded. Steel reached for her purse, but I got to it first. Pulling a Glock from it, I smiled down at her. "You weren't gonna shoot me, were you? I mean, you prefer drugs, right?"

Jumping up, she grabbed the phone, punching in three numbers. I didn't have to guess which three numbers they were. "Before you say a word," I urged her, "make sure you can explain to the cops what your fingerprints are doing all over my ransacked house." Steel dropped the phone back in its cradle.

"What do you want, Mike?" Her tone was softer now, perhaps even conciliatory.

"What do *I* want?! What the fuck did *you* want?!"

I got the story in drips and drabs. I'd had a client a year or so ago, a woman who was divorcing her wealthy husband. She'd left me some documents, stuff to blackmail him with. Now Carol Steel was representing the husband. The divorce was finalized, and he wanted the telltale files back. The problem was, as I'd already explained to the guy a few months earlier, I didn't have them. His ex had taken 'em back. I could tell Carol didn't believe me any more than he had.

An hour later, back at my office on Fairfax, I punched in the divorcée's phone number. It was disconnected. No big surprise. She'd almost certainly taken her ex—a multimillionaire named Robert Mandrake—to the cleaners. Now she'd be living the high life. But a Google search proved me wrong: The former Mrs. Mandrake wasn't living the high life. She wasn't living at all. A boating accident in the Bahamas, the report said. A little more research, and I was smelling a rat.

I knew Mandrake to be a powerful media mogul. Owned a couple of TV stations and a newspaper and knew—or had damning information on—just about anyone in L.A. who mattered. That might explain why his wife's death didn't make the news in her hometown, despite the gruesome circumstances. The lady had fallen off the yacht she'd rented, then been cut up in the vessel's propellers, coming out like slices of baloney. "A freak accident," the Bahamian authorities claimed.

But here's what really caught my eye: Mere hours after the accident was reported, all of the woman's personal belongings had been boxed up and shipped to her ex-husband, at his instructions. I had a hunch the freak accident wasn't an accident at all. But that was no concern of mine. I had other things to worry about—like getting my house back in order.

It was early evening a few days later. I was still cleaning up when I heard the knock at my front door. I opened it and saw Carol standing there, looking incredibly fuckable in a sheer white silk dress. She was holding a champagne bottle and two glasses.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

FICTION BY BRUCE DAVID

r the Bitch

"I thought maybe we could kiss and make up," she murmured, smiling seductively. My brain said *bad idea*, but my dick refused to listen. I invited her in.

"Sorry about the place being a mess," I said, ironically. "I've got a problem with rats."

"Rats keep the ecology in balance," Carol countered. Ignoring her blithe remark, I indicated the couch. She set the champagne and glasses down on the coffee table, then took a seat. I did the same. We eyed each other—she taking my measure and I hers.

Memories from the night we'd met slowly began coming back. She'd smiled at me the same way at the Skybar. Mischievously. Challenging. Offering a hint of something mysterious and wonderful. Back at my place that night she'd writhed under me in bed as I sought to slide that red dress off her incredible body. Then the Glock came out. We struggled. She spun off the bed. I took off after her. That's when the knockout drug kicked in.

"Mike, what are you thinking about?" Carol asked, interrupting my reverie.

"You," I replied. "The night you drugged me."

"It took a long time for the drug to kick in," she answered. "You have the constitution of a horse."

"I have other things in common with a horse," I informed her.

Carol unwrapped the wire and tin foil from the champagne bottle. "I love horses," she cooed, removing the cork in one smooth motion. There was barely a pop. "Especially riding them."

"But," she pressed on, filling the glasses, "what counts is how a steed performs in the homestretch."

"I always go the distance," I responded. Pointing to her glass, I added, "You drink first." She took a big gulp and swallowed. "You're supposed to swill it around your mouth," I reminded her. Then I gulped mine down.

It wasn't long before we were back in my bedroom. This time I didn't have to remove her dress. Carol took it off herself. She wasn't wearing underwear. I caught my breath as she reclined majestically on the bed. Her body was breathtaking. Making room for me, she slid with fluid grace to the bed's opposite side, like spilled water over a tabletop.

I lay down next to her, kissing her pursed lips. Is it true a woman's lips get engorged with blood when she's aroused? It seemed true of hers.

Next my tongue thrust deep into Carol's mouth and hers deep into mine. As I ran my hand up her smooth belly to cup her perfect breasts, my brain exploded with endorphins. My dick was hard enough to hammer nails with.

Carol lifted her hips as she spread her legs. I reached down, thrusting two fingers into her pussy. She was sopping wet; I'd never felt a wetter slit. *She must have a faucet inside there*, I mused, rubbing my fingers over and around her clit. She moaned, "Mount me!"

Sliding between her legs, I thrust my dick deep into her wetness. Her eyes went wide with surprise and ecstasy. Then they glazed over as she surrendered to the pleasure she was receiving. I looked down at her hips as they lifted to receive each thrust of my cock. She moved with pure sexual grace.

That's when I heard the noise. Carol must have heard it too

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE DAVID

HERE YOU GO... AND LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT OUR SPECIALS FOR POLITICIANS AND RICH PEOPLE...
Tooley.
WHAT IS IT, LASSIE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME? IS IT TIMMY? HAS HE FALLEN DOWN A WELL?
YOUR PERVERT KID HAS BEEN BONING ME UP THE ASS, AND NOW HE'S RIMMING THE CHICKENS!
BARK
BARK
BARK

because she looked across the room, then blurted out, "Robert!" I turned and saw the intruder, gun in hand. It was Mandrake.

"What are *you* doing here?!" Carol demanded, thrusting me aside as she spun out of bed.

I was surprised she made no attempt to cover herself. "You were supposed to wait," the naked broad hissed. So that was it! Mandrake wasn't just a client!

"You played me again," I yelled at Carol, grabbing a blanket as I jumped out of bed. Yeah, I'm an asshole when it comes to women.

Carol ignored me. "This wasn't part of the plan," she shrieked at Mandrake.

"It wasn't part of *your* plan," the media mogul responded dryly. "It was always part of mine. I wouldn't tolerate my wife's blackmailing me. I certainly wasn't going to put you in a position to do the same."

"How can I blackmail you?!" Carol gasped. "I still haven't found the papers."

"So you claim. But how could I be sure you and this bozo"—he meant me—"aren't planning a double cross? After all, you looked rather cozy together."

"I was just trying to gain his trust," Carol told him. "We agreed on that. You knew it might involve sex."

"Let's put it this way," Mandrake sneered, raising his weapon at Carol. "If you *had* gotten the documents, you would have had power over me. I couldn't let that happen." He cocked the gun's hammer.

"You love me!" Carol insisted. But her voice was hollow.

I fired the pistol I'd been concealing beneath the blanket. Mandrake looked surprised, then fell to the floor in a heap.

"Where'd you get the gun?" Carol asked, relief filling her face. I'd grabbed it from under the mattress as I rolled out of bed. I always keep a piece close at hand 'cause you never know. But I didn't feel like answering her question. Instead, I pointed my weapon at her. "Is there any reason I shouldn't blow you away too?"

"Yes, Mike," Carol said, stepping up to me, unafraid. "Because you want me. And I want you too." I lowered the gun.

Putting her arms around me, she pressed her naked body against mine. Was I really going to let her play me for a patsy again? I honestly didn't know the answer. And, as it happened, I wasn't going to find out.

There was a loud bang. Carol looked at me, stunned, then staggered backward, the left side of her body covered in blood. "How could you?!" she asked, sinking to her knees. I hadn't. Mandrake had fired the shot. I quickly pumped four more rounds into the asshole. Then I called 911.

"Hang on, sweetheart," I said. "The ambulance is on its way. You'll be okay." That's what I told Carol, but I wasn't sure it was true. And I didn't care. Fuck the bitch!

"It's scary! I can't explain all this shit, and there's no science.
We need to invent religion!"

GODFREY

Beats the Shit Out of HOLLYWOOD

The fast-rising actor/comic (and former 7UP pitchman) rips on show business.

HUSTLER: Why just the one name?

GODFREY: Because people fuck up my last name. It's Danchimah. It's Nigerian, but they ruin it. There is nobody else named Godfrey. There is Gilbert Gottfried, but I'm the new generation.

Who is the most famous one-name celebrity?

Madonna is. Elvis used to be. Even dead, he's still pretty famous. But alive it's Madonna. That's why I want my one name. I'm sure when she started with her one name, people were like, "What are you going to call yourself?" She said, "Madonna." And they said, "What?! That's kind of pompous and shitty." Now they're like, "Wow! I always knew the one-name thing was going to work." It will make sense soon.

Who is the biggest asshole in Hollywood?

Paris Hilton is the biggest asshole in Hollywood. (*Laughs.*) No talent and rude to people.

Who is smarter, Paris Hilton or a slice of cinnamon raisin toast?

That is a tough one because neither of them have any personality or talent or taste. No, wait! Cinnamon actually has some taste, so I would say the cinnamon raisin toast wins! Bitch! I met Paris Hilton before, but didn't get what the big deal was. There is room for everyone, but not for her. I'm sorry. People like her are ruining society. There was a time back in old Hollywood where you had to have some talent! Even if you were an alcoholic, you had to have talent. You could sing, act or tap. She doesn't do shit!

You wake up hungover one morning and find a dead hooker in your bed. Whom do you call?

It used to be Johnnie Cochran. A dead hooker? I'd call the Mafia. That's right. They would bury the body, no problem.

Same scenario, but instead of a dead hooker it's a drunk Lindsay Lohan. What do you do?

Wait till she gets sober and have sex with her again. You

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

give her some strong black coffee and hit it one more time!

Now that you're no longer a spokesman, can you finally admit that 7UP tastes like piss?

It's good for you when you're sick. Their commercials are whack now. When I was doing it, the shit was hot. You know what's funny is they always used a bunch of black representatives. It was Geoffrey Holder, then Sugar Ray Leonard, then Orlando Jones and me. I was like, *What's up with using black people for such a white product?*

What was the worst TV show ever?

Full House. That shit was whack!

Would you fuck the Olsen Twins?

Now? Yes! Back then? NOOO! I would do both of them now 'cause it's hot. Like seeing the same person twice.

Can you tell them apart?

Nah, I can't. I don't think anyone can. Then again, I don't think anyone gives a shit. They got money. What are their names? Katie and—

Mary-Kate and Ashley. By the way, do you think Mary-Kate Olsen killed Heath Ledger?

I think an old episode of *Full House* killed Heath. I think that's what it was. Watching that corny shit, I would have been naked with my ass up too. (*Laughs.*) "Hey, I fell asleep on my knife while watching your reruns. Sorry."

Do the Jews still run show business?

Yes! The Jews run show business, and they still make black people look stupid on TV. Thanks! Flavor Flav has a sitcom? *Mazel tov! La cheim!*

What do you think of reality television shows like *Flavor of Love 3*?

I watch those shows, and they're good for what they are. It's fun sometimes because it's a no-brainer. Sometimes you just want to watch stupid shit. I don't know what it is, but *Flavor of Love* works. Not even just to see Flavor Flav.

You have to understand he's a hip-hop legend from Public Enemy. For him to make this comeback on such a savage show just lets you know that women ain't shit. Watching women tongue-kiss Flavor Flav is like watching someone pick a booger. It's nasty, but you have to watch. That lets you know that women will do anything to get on TV. Damn!

I'm in a club trying to get on some chicks, and Flavor Flav is tongue-kissing bitches! You understand where I'm coming from?! A 49-year-old black man with a Viking helmet getting some, and I'm sitting there being ignored by some bitch in a fucking club!

You need to get yourself a Viking helmet.

I need to get a Viking helmet, but I also need to get really ugly because TV loves ugly black people. I'm not trying to be mean, but they love funny-looking black people. They just do. Am I lying? Dammit! I'm a threat!

If they made a reality show about you, what would it be called?

Godfrey Beats the Shit Out of Hollywood. I would just come in and bum-rush auditions. Smack up Hollywood stars. I would be the "Corny Police." I'd go around in a police car and arrest people who are whack. Lindsay Lohan would be locked up. Paris Hilton would be locked up. Clay Aiken? I'd beat him in his face. Lock his ass up!

I would lock up all black sitcom actors. (*Laughs.*) I would grab every ignorant person that has been on *Maury Povich* and had a DNA test. Throw them all in a big-ass hole. Do it bin Laden-style—caves and dust.

Then I'd take Justin Timberlake and punch him in his stomach. Throw him in the hole! I'd say, "I like you, man, but I'm tired of your black imitation. It's annoying me, stupid. If you beatbox one more time, I'll kick you in your left nut!"

What is Kim Kardashian's real talent?

Her ass, man! She gave it to Ray J? What's up? He's a good-looking guy, whatever, but if Ray J can get some, I should be able to get some! I can't even get mad at her. She's fine as shit. She has a fat ass like a black girl! I can say that in HUSTLER, right? Smack that ass! Smack it! Smack it!

What do you think of Hollywood power couples?

It's so funny that people want relationships to work, but they cheered Angelina when she took Brad Pitt from Jennifer Aniston. Beauty always trumps everything else. Because it was Angelina Jolie, it was okay. If it was Whoopi Goldberg? Different story.

Would you like "Brangelina" to adopt you?

Yes, I would! I would probably be their only adopted kid actually hitting the mom, from the back. They'd call me the motherfucker! You going to edit that out?

Nope.

Right, I'm in HUSTLER, right next to a naked cartoon. And there's a cock right next to my words, and I'm worried about saying *motherfucker*?

Can you save Britney Spears?

I don't want to save her. I think she's doing a smart thing. Her music isn't doing so well, so she has to step out of cars with her pussy showing. I like that. She's all like, "Oops, I did it again!" She should just do that every time. People are mad at her, yelling, "She keeps showing her pussy! That's a shame!" What?! No, it's not.

Do you know how much that pussy is worth? If I ever see her in person, I'm going to fucking throw my fingers up under her skirt and catch a whiff. Be like, *Bam!* Rub her pussy scent on my lips. Run around having people smell my lips. This is Britney: "Oops, I did it again!"

What was the last movie you saw?

I liked *Hancock*, starring Will Smith. That's a perfect name since this is HUSTLER Magazine. He plays this superhero guy, but he's homeless. Why does the black superhero got to be homeless?! The white ones are all perfect and have nice costumes, and we got to look like bums? What is that shit?!

Do you think Harrison Ford was too old to reprise Indiana Jones?

Hell, no! Harrison Ford is cool as fuck. I'm surprised he didn't do it sooner. It's kind of cool to see him now that he doesn't move so fast, and his whip doesn't really work. It's like Rocky, man. I hope there's a *Rocky 7*. I want Stallone to do Rocky until he's 90 years old and keels over dead in the ring. I hope Ford does another Indiana Jones.

Which classic film do you wish you'd been in?

The Ten Commandments. If I was in it, I would have come down from Mount Sinai with the tablets and shit, but I would have had some spraypaint and tagged them a little better. "Thou shall not steal"? I'd say it's okay to steal if you got to. I would have changed the whole thing. I probably would have put it into a little rap.

What do you have coming up?

Nothing! (*Laughs.*) I'm part of a cartoon series called *The Mr. Men Show* on Cartoon Network. I play the voice of Mr. Stubborn, which is awesome. I have a new comedy CD and my first DVD called *Godspeed* out now!

How would you describe Godfrey to someone who has never heard of you?

Truthfully, crazy and real. But with love.

BY JON WAYNE & ANTHONY MROTEK

COMIC-CON EYE CANDY

SAN DIEGO GOES OTHER-WORLDLY WITH AN INVASION OF SPACE BABES, ZOMBIE GIRLS AND SUPER-HEROINES.

Every year, geeks from far and wide converge on San Diego, California, for Comic-Con International's amazing convention. Fanboys flock to see their favorite comic book artists and writers, sneak a peek at blockbuster sci-fi movies, test the latest video games and drool at a bevy of scantily clad hotties. With an estimated 130,000 attendees packing various venues, last summer's four-day spectacle drew one of the biggest turnouts in Comic-Con history.

The first gathering took place 39 years ago in a hotel ballroom, probably with a bunch of guys sitting around talking about which superhero would win in a fistfight. Now, thank goodness, Comic-Con is as much about sex appeal as invincible warriors.

The main floor of the cavernous San Diego Convention Center teems with babes in outlandish, skimpy outfits. Replicating their favorite fantasy characters—and flaunting their cleavage for dorks, geeks, studs and aging Baby Boomers—are

PHOTOS BY JON WAYNE & ANTHONY MROTEK

Mohawked vixens donning short skirts and fishnet stockings, an assortment of ravishing Wonder Women and packs of Black Cats encased in skintight vinyl. Between the pneumatic felines hired to shill at exhibitors' tables and the enthusiastic fangirls just wandering around, it's impossible to walk five feet without encountering a gorgeous creature just dying to have her picture taken with you. Get a load of the eye-catchers we found!

Clothes Whore

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

DAISY MARIE

I love cool clothes!" confesses cute-as-a-button **Daisy Marie**. "It's one of the reasons I got into porn to begin with. I wanted to have the coolest clothes, but they cost money, so I needed a job that paid well. The funny thing is I don't get to wear them that much because I'm always naked!"

CLOTHES COURTESY OF ED HARDY

And constantly horny to boot. “I didn’t become an adult actress just for money,” **Daisy Marie** asserts. “I don’t want anyone to think I’m *that* shallow. I also got into it for the sex! I’m a Latina, which means I’m naturally hot-blooded and need to fuck all the time. That’s why being a porn star is the perfect gig for me. I get laid, and I get paid!”

So what makes **Daisy Marie** sizzle? "I love guys with big cocks," the saucy señorita confides. "Sorry, little fellas, but it's true. Guys gotta have the proper equipment to get with me and have lots of stamina to keep up. Most important, they have to be cool with me being me. I'm a porn actress. I fuck all day, and I don't want a boyfriend who's jealous of what I do when I'm at work, because once I come home, I'm all his. Hear that, guys?"

ETERNAL
LOVE

ETERNAL
LOVE

See **Daisy Marie** sizzle in *Cum Stain Girls*, *Aphrodisiac* and *I Just Swallowed It* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

DAISY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Salem, Oregon | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 110

ETERNAL
LOVE

Seconds after sticking it to his latest girlfriend during a night of pleasure, Tony blew a big load and immediately pulled out. "You fucking, selfish piece of shit!" the frustrated chick exclaimed. "You always come first, and I'm tired of it!"

"Hey, sweetheart," Tony sighed, as cool as a cucumber. "We both started at the same time. If you can't keep up, it's your own damn fault!"

Question: When George and Laura Bush have sex, why is Laura always on top?

Answer: George can only fuck up!

Checking out the hand-me-downs at a Hollywood yard sale, Britney Spears came across a dusty table lamp that she fell in love with, purchased and took home. Later, as the pop star rubbed the lamp to clean it, a turbaned dwarf emerged from a puff of smoke and proclaimed, "I am the genie of the lamp!"

"Like, wow, do I get three wishes?!" Britney gushed.

"No!" the magical spirit snapped. "I have followed your career, and you have been very bad. Thus, I will grant you but one wish!"

"Shit, I'd better make it a good one then," the chubby songbird reckoned. "*Mmmm*, I don't need fame, wealth or power. I know! I've been having some weight issues lately. Genie, I wish for my love handles to go away forever!"

And *poof!* Britney's ears vanished!

HUSTLER ALERT! Kids in the backseats of cars cause accidents. Accidents in the backseats of cars cause kids!

Flat broke, Tom and Jack were hankerin' to get drunk. With their last buck, Tom went into a butcher shop and bought a huge sausage. "Now we don't have any money at all!" Jack cried.

"Don't worry, my friend," Tom remarked. "I've got us a plan."

At a nearby bar the men ordered some whiskey and beer chasers. After chugging their booze, Tom stuck the sausage into his pants and out the zipper. "Now get on your knees," he told Jack, "and put the sausage in your mouth."

Jack reluctantly complied, but felt better when the pissed-off bartender gave the two pals the heave-ho.

Tom and Jack continued the routine for ten gin mills, getting tipsy and tossed out of each without having to pay for a single drink. Finally, Jack blearily intoned, "I can't do this anymore. I'm bombed out of my skull, and my knees are killing me!"

Tom sloppily agreed. "Yeah, we should call it a night. I'm blitzed too, and I lost the sausage in the third bar!"

A beautiful blonde went to her gynecologist and complained, "I've been using this IUD for a couple of months now, and it's a real pain in the ass!"

Replied the dumbfounded doctor: "Ma'am, that's not where it goes!"

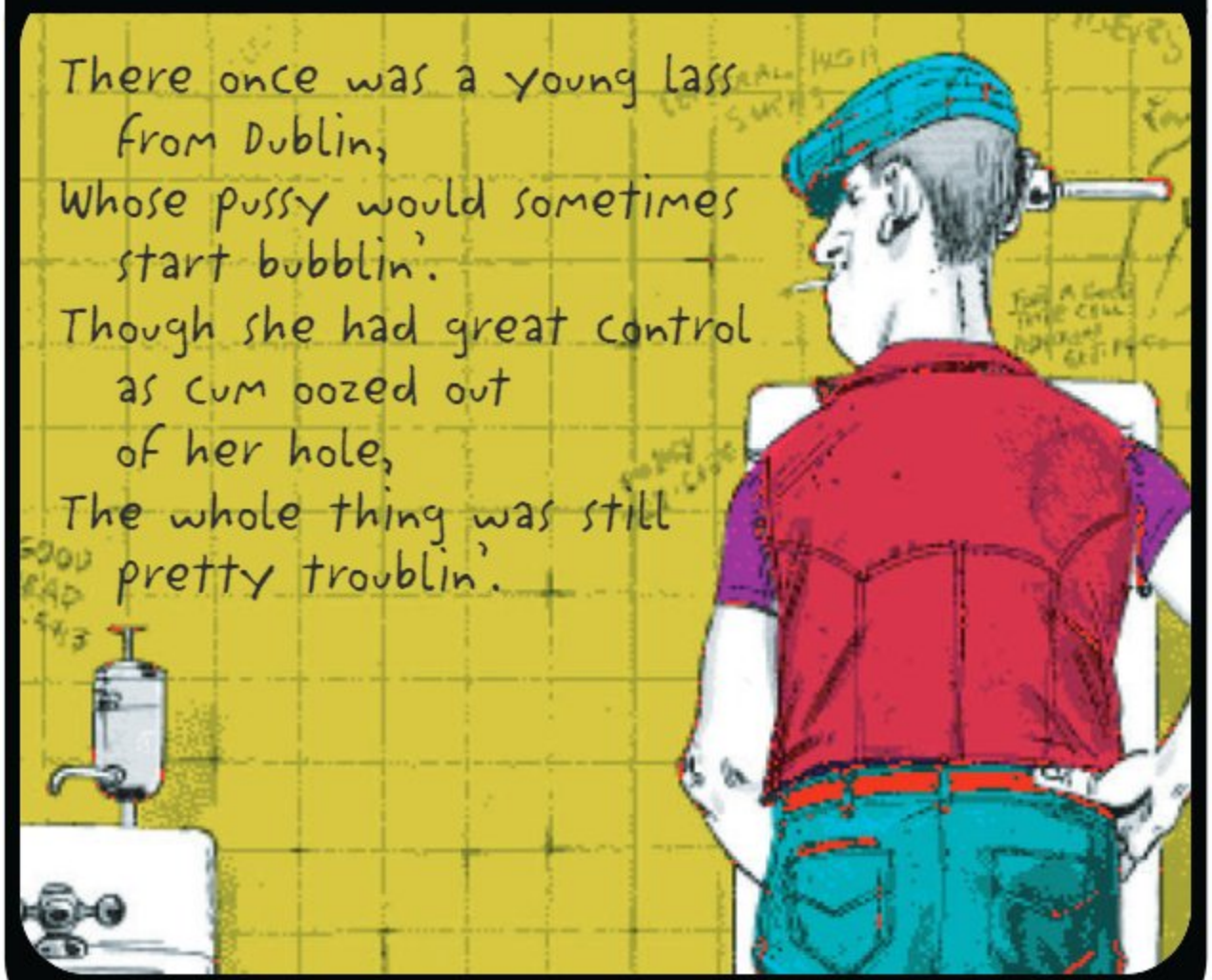
Cheap Chuck needed to bust his nut, so he scoured the city in search of the cheapest whore around. At the back end of an alley, bent over a trash can and puking her guts out, was Nasty Nellie. "I'll fuck any man for 25 cents!" the homeless slut announced.

That sounded pretty good to Cheap Chuck, who tossed the hag two bits and started banging away.

A few weeks later, Cheap Chuck returned to the alley and screamed at Nasty Nellie, "You fucking bitch! You gave me crabs!"

Continuing to forage through some trash, the unremorseful vagrant hollered, "Whaddaya want for a fuckin' quarter, pal, lobster?!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Bob M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"What's with this Ann Coulter toilet paper?! I wipe, and there's more shit on my ass than there was before!"

FLASHBACK FAVES

Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

RICK SPRINGFIELD: *In Overdrive*

Don't hate 1980s rocker Rick Springfield because he's had more women than you ever will. The singer/songwriter is a pretty cool dude. He stopped by recently to discuss "Jessie's Girl," dressing up dogs after getting stoned and his latest CD, *Venus in Overdrive*.

HUSTLER: Who was "Jessie's Girl," and was she really that hot?

RICK SPRINGFIELD: Back then she was really hot. Jessie was a friend of mine; I guess I said that in the song. When I don't write songs, I have to do something else creative, so I took a stained glass class. Jessie was there, and he had a girlfriend at the time who was just incredible.

Do you think she's still hot?

I never thought about that. My memory of her is so vague now. She looked like she was one of those gals that held up really well.

Are you the only rock star to ever use the word *moot* in lyrics?

I am. Yes. I'm in the *Guinness Book of Records*. (*Laughs.*) It wasn't so unusual to me. I was raised in England and Australia, and the only subject I had good marks in was English. I probably have a better vocabulary than most high school dropouts.

Whose idea was it to put dogs in clothes on the cover of your albums?

That was my idea. It was my dog Lethal Ron. I was walking down the street, and people were looking at my dog and not me. That gave me the idea that he should be on the record cover.

My record label was completely against it. I had just landed on *General Hospital*, and they said, "Wait, you're a good-looking guy on a TV show, and you want to put your dog on the cover?" So I did a little mock-up of the cover, took a Polaroid of him in a shirt and tie, and they bought it—as long as there was a photo of me somewhere on it. So I put a photo of myself in Lethal Ron's pocket.

I went out and bought the shirt and tie. I've been dressing up dogs for a long time, I'm afraid to admit. So it was kind of a natural thing for me to do that.

Wait! You don't just dress up dogs for album covers?

I have this manager who had an Irish setter that I would baby-sit sometimes. I would get stoned (*laughs*), and I started dressing the dog up and taking photos. I'd laugh myself into hysterics all night long dressing up this freaking dog. So putting a dog on my album cover was a natural step in this weird obsession I had to make dogs look like humans.

How difficult is it to get music out to people these days?

It's really difficult because nobody knows what to do anymore. The record companies have lost their business model. Everyone is going, "The Internet, the Internet" and "Viral, viral." All these buzz words and shit, but nobody really knows what to do with it.

Everyone is hoping for lightning in a bottle. That's what you're looking for now. The new album [*Venus in Overdrive*] is the most pop-oriented record I've done since *Working Class Dog*.

As an accomplished artist, what do you think of *American Idol*?

I think it's expected. I'm a big science fiction reader, and a lot of the sci-fi writers a long time ago said that in the future we would pick our own pop stars. I've spent a lot of time in Japan, and in the '80s they had these schools where young girls would go to become pop stars.

I had MTV. Before MTV you had to be four albums deep before anyone would recognize you walking through an airport. This is just a new version of MTV.

Tell us about your rock 'n' roll cruise.

This is the first one I've done. This has been on the planning boards for three years. It's sold out, and that's great. I'd like to do it every year. I'm very fan-friendly. For me I'll be on the boat the whole time. I want to give the fans an experience like nothing they have ever had with them being involved with me.

Are you worried fans might get seasick and vomit on you?

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

I hadn't actually thought of that. (*Laughs.*) I did think what would happen if somebody got drunk and fell overboard and sued me.

Do you have any crazy groupie/fan stories from the 1980s?

We were young guys out there playing arenas full of girls who wanted to be near us. We definitely indulged. (*Laughs.*) We had a lot of fun. Everybody was willing, and it was all good.

The craziest person I ever met was this chick I met in a hotel Jacuzzi somewhere. She got in and said, "Who are you?" I said, "I'm a singer; my name is Rick Springfield." She told me she was the heiress of the Marriott hotel chain. She asked if I toured and said, "Well, I don't really know you, but if you tour, I may be able to comp you rooms at Marriotts."

She started to travel with us and eventually started confessing all this bizarre stuff to me. It got odd, but she seemed so genuine. Plus, she got us all these free rooms—even in New York. We would go to the Marriott, and they'd say, "I'm sorry, but we don't have a suite." She would grab the phone, and suddenly we had a suite. We completely bought it.

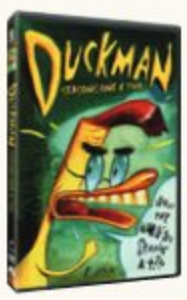
Well, about six months later the FBI contacted us looking for her. Turns out she wrote all these bad checks to cover all these rooms. It had all been a complete con. She was a huge fan who just wanted to hang out, and that was her way of doing it. She absolutely fooled everybody. And I never slept with her. ■

Because You Can't Just Watch Porn

DVD Distractions

THE SOPRANOS
The Complete Series
Every hit. Every *fuhgeddaboudit*. Every move of Tony Soprano and his crew is here on the complete *Sopranos* box set. You don't have to be from New Jersey to appreciate the power and importance of this breakthrough HBO drama.

DUCKMAN
Seasons One & Two



Way before its time, this aggressive animated series featured the hysterical rants of a pissed-off duck (voiced by Jason Alexander of *Seinfeld* fame). Finally, seasons one and two of this groundbreaking show have made their way to DVD.

LIFE AFTER PEOPLE
Welcome to Earth: Population 0
Through graphic computer-generated reenactments, this fascinating DVD takes a look at a postapocalyptic world. Watching it makes you think maybe the planet would be better off without all of us.

MARILLION:
Somewhere in London

One of "prog" rock's greatest bands (make that one of rock's greatest bands) returns with this awesome, live double-DVD set. The power and craftsmanship of Marillion are documented during the final two nights of their 2007 tour.

THE BANK JOB
What Bruce Willis and Sly Stallone were to the '80s, Jason Statham is today. The modern action hero's latest flick on DVD is a stylish, mile-a-minute caper boasting a ton of fast cars and hot chicks.

STAR TREK
Season Two

Boldly go where no man has gone before with the remastered version of the original *Star Trek* series. These beautifully rendered discs present Kirk, Spock and even those cheesy special effects in a new and exciting light. Not to mention Uhura.

SPORTS NIGHT
The Complete Series: 10th Anniversary Edition
From *West Wing* mastermind Aaron Sorkin, this genius show about life in the sports-TV racket gets the milestone treatment with a ton of new bonus content. The underrated comedy's cast included Felicity Huffman (*Desperate Housewives*) and Peter Krause (*Dirty Sexy Money*).

DEEP PURPLE
Around the World Live

One of rock 'n' roll's longest-running groups is captured at its best—live. This massive four-disc set features concerts in Australia, India and the United Kingdom, plus a stellar documentary. Yes, they play "Smoke on the Water"! ■

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

CIVET
Hell Hath No Fury

This all-girl band will chew you up and spit you out. Then you'll beg for more! The feline foursome of tattoo-covered punk rock girls with heavy metal attitude makes Metallica sound like Barry Manilow. Part Distillers, part Mötorhead and part Runaways, Civet is all rock 'n' roll.

ALICE COOPER
Along Came a Spider
Shock rocker Cooper returns raspier, revived and rocking harder than ever on this dark disc. The legendary musician still has it, as proven on tracks including "Killed by Love" and "Wrapped in Silk."

GIRL TALK
Feed the Animals

Take every CD you bought in the past 20 years, drop them into a blender and hit liquefy. With over 300 samples, this party CD is the ultimate mashup mix tape masterpiece.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World; The White Album; and More
Back when *National Lampoon* set the standard for comedy, it put out some of the funniest albums ever. Newly reissued on CD, these records hold up really well and feature early work of everyone from John Belushi to Christopher Guest.

POP EVIL
Lipstick on the Mirror

Hard and heavy rock à la the Foo Fighters and 3 Doors Down but much better. This classic rock-sounding combo will have you banging your head and singing out loud to soon-to-be classics "3 Seconds to Freedom" and "Another Romeo & Juliet."

SANTOGOLD
Santogold
When several other rock critics called Santogold the future of music, we thought it was just hype. One listen proves that her debut album—a blend of R&B, hip-hop and pop—earns that praise and more. *(continued on page 100)*

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

COCKPIT

Mission to Rock

Your mission, should you accept it, is to get this CD! The all-girl band's mission is to kick out some straight-ahead, old-school blues rock (think AC/DC) with a feminine edge. The Cockpit chicks are so solid, it doesn't matter how hot they are.

SCARS ON BROADWAY

Scars on Broadway

The less-discombobulated half of System of a Down (guitarist Daron Malakian and drummer John Dolmayan) steps out on this brilliant side project. Massive riffs? Check. Giant beats? Check. Ridiculously hooky choruses? Check. The best CD of 2008? Check it out!

HARD+HEAVY BOX SET

We never thought we would see the day when we'd actually tell you to buy something Poison frontman Bret Michaels is selling in an infomercial, but you need this box! Nine CDs of hard rock's greatest artists are all jammed in one cool metal case. This box rocks as much as your sister's.

LADY GAGA

The Fame

Move over, Madonna; there's a younger and hotter dance floor disco diva in town. Straight out of New York City's Lower East Side, this bitch is so funky, she might be able to get even you to dance. Seriously, Lady GaGa is *that* funky.

HEAD

Save Me From Myself

When Korn's guitarist quit the band to find God, we figured that was that. Then he goes and confuses things by putting out this pounding solo effort. ***Save Me From Myself*** will blow you away. Oh, sure, the lyrics are positive, but the music kicks Jesus' ass.

MOTT THE HOOPLE AND IAN HUNTER

Old Records Never Die: The Mott the Hoople/Ian Hunter Anthology

This tremendous two-CD set collects the best from Ian Hunter's band Mott the Hoople and his solo career. It includes the Englishman's two biggest songs (actually made hits by other bands), "Once Bitten Twice Shy" and "All the Young Dudes." ■

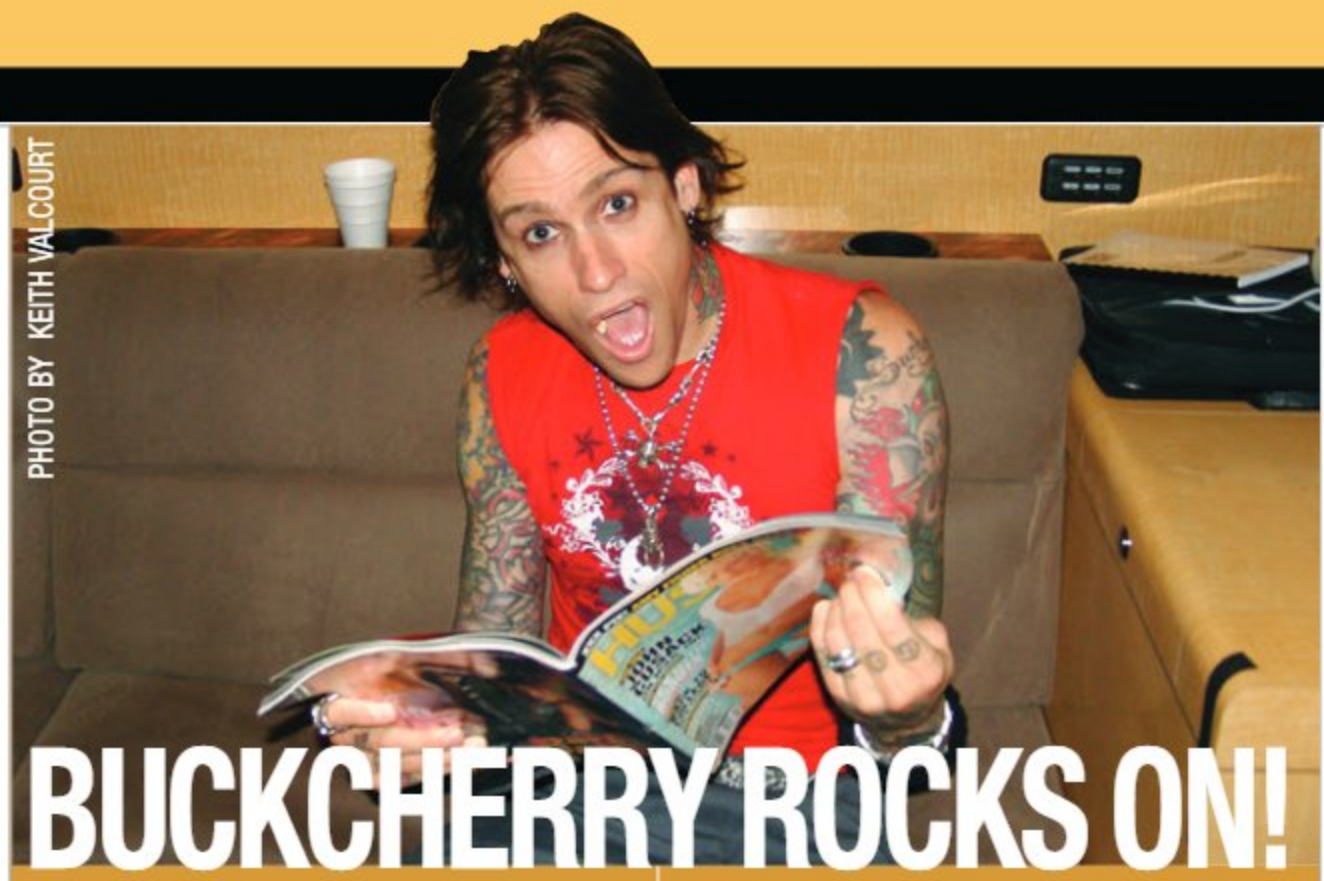


PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

BUCKCHERRY ROCKS ON!

During the Crüe Fest we caught up with the dictionary definition of a rock star, Buckcherry frontman Josh Todd, to discuss porn stars, crazy bitches and Mötley lessons.

HUSTLER: How did you guys end up doing Crüe Fest?

JOSH TODD: We had done some shows with Mötley Crüe in Japan in 2005 or 2006, and it was a good experience. We knew after that we would be doing shows together again. They want this tour to be a recurring thing like a new rock 'n' roll festival, and we were excited they asked us to be a part of it.

Is there competitiveness between the bands?

There is not competitiveness because we've all toured together before. We toured extensively with Papa Roach. So we're all friends. I think everybody brings their own little element to the table because we're not like the same kind of bands. I feel like we're a big family out here having fun. We all hang out.

As a married man, how do you avoid the temptations of touring?

I stay locked in my bus. I stay away from them as much as possible. It's hard.

Who inspired the song "Porno Star" from your *Time Bomb* CD?

I've been asked that question a lot. I wish I could remember his name. It was a documentary I saw on this one guy, and all I remember is he had long curly hair, and he had done and directed porno. [*Editor's Note: Todd is most likely referring to John Holmes.*] When I saw the film on his life, I thought this dude had the craziest life, and it gave me the idea to write the song in the third person from his perspective as if I was this porno star. Because I think every dude jacks off to porno. We've all fantasized about being that dude fucking the hot chick with a fucking.... Most of these guys have dicks that are so out of proportion to the average man. So I wanted to write a song in that guy's shoes.

When you wrote "Crazy Bitch," did you foresee it becoming the biggest strip club anthem since Mötley Crüe's "Girls Girls Girls"?

I didn't. That song was three years old before it actually got on a record. It just kind of sat around. We thought it would be a great album track. Maybe it would be an underground/cult hit amongst our fans, and that would be about it. It then just took on a life of its own and became this phenomenon. It's really cool. Sometimes that's how hits happen. You just don't know.

Which of your songs really drive crowds wild?

It's "Crazy Bitch," "Sorry" and "Lit Up"—they're our biggest hits, so they get the best reactions. "Crazy Bitch" is a monster with the crowds.

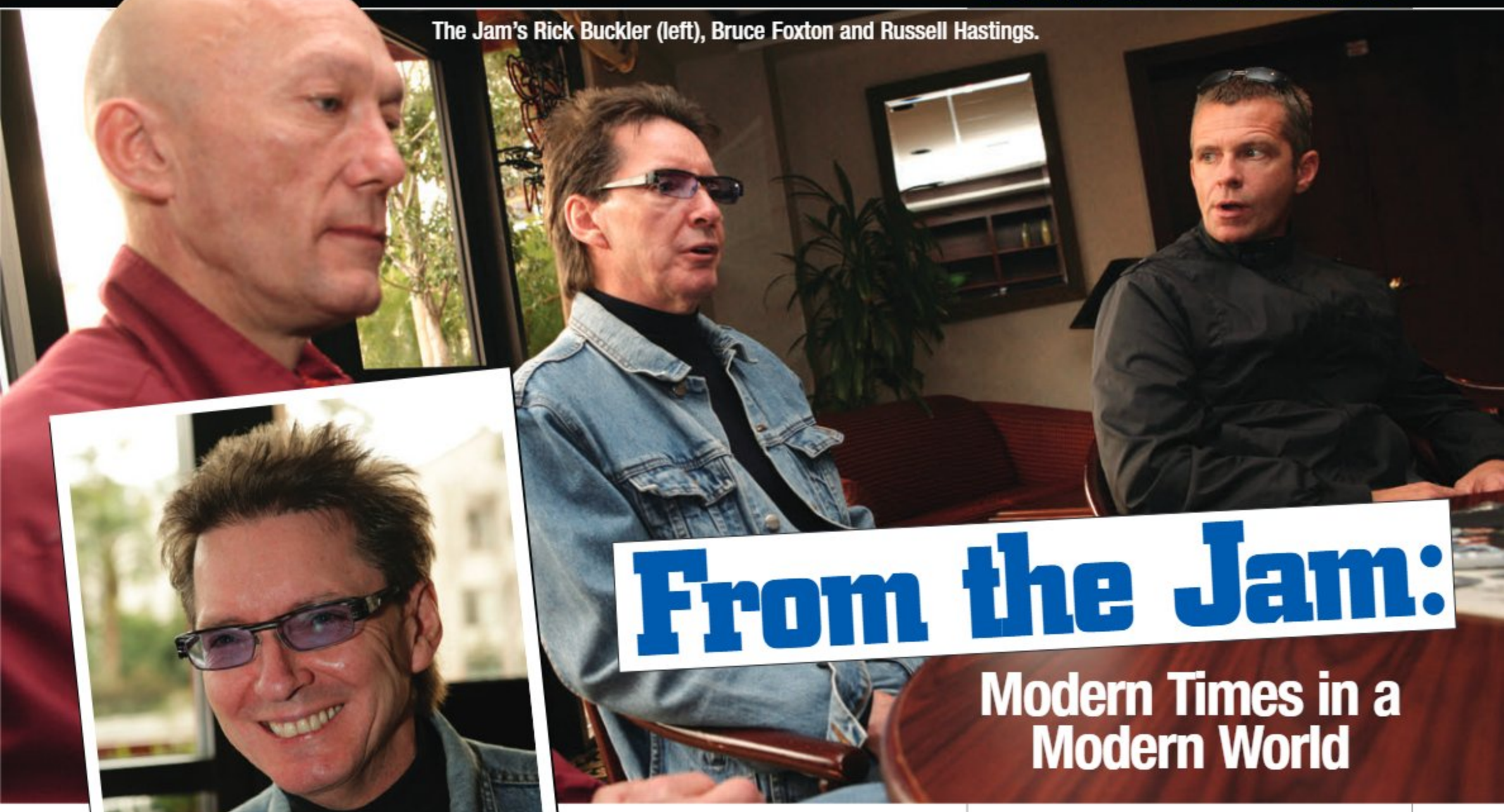
What have you learned from being on the road with Mötley Crüe?

You learn a lot about what it takes to fill an arena. They always have a big production and a big show with lots of hits. You got to have the songs first; they have a lot of them, and you got to have a great show. They really think it out. That's something we have to work on.

Is rock 'n' roll back?

People have been asking "Is rock back?" since we put out our first record in 1999. I don't know. I don't think rock will be like it was when that was all you heard on the radio. There are too many ways to get music now and too many genres of music available to the public. With rock there is always going to be a void to fill. We've proven that by having a career all these years. Thankfully.

Buckcherry's latest CD, ***Black Butterfly****, is out now.* ■



The Jam's Rick Buckler (left), Bruce Foxton and Russell Hastings.

From the Jam:

Modern Times in a Modern World

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

The punk "modfathers" from England who brought you "Town Called Malice" and "That's Entertainment" return (minus leader Paul Weller) with a U.S. tour and DVD to mark their 30th anniversary. We sat down with two of the Jam's founding members—bassist Bruce Foxton and drummer Rick Buckler—as well as new singer/guitarist Russell Hastings for a chat.

HUSTLER: What was the 1982 breakup of the original Jam like?

BRUCE FOXTON: I can't talk about it. It's still very raw. (*Laughs.*)

RICK BUCKLER: Paul sort of took us aside one day and said he wanted to leave.

FOXTON: He said, "So what are you doing next year?" (*Laughs.*)

BUCKLER: That was a bit of a shock because the Jam had been a big part of our lives for such a long time. We had gone through the years in the clubs and getting the record contract, and all of a sudden it wasn't there anymore. So that was a bit of a shock.

Was that the last time either of you has spoken to Paul Weller?

BUCKLER: I saw Paul in 2006 at a festival.

FOXTON: I was in a band called Casbah Club with Simon Townshend and Mark Brzezicki. We were one of the bands supporting the Who during their Hyde Park gig. Paul was there hanging out, and we chatted briefly. "It's been too long" and "Great to see you." We have spoken since, and he's a good friend again. Which is nice.

Was there ever any talk of a reunion of the original lineup?

FOXTON: No, because I think we know what the answer would be. So it wasn't worth going down that path. Paul is still very successful in his own right and deservedly so. The opportunity has been there. If he were interested in coming back to the band, he would have said something by now. We're carrying on doing the Jam justice. Russell is doing a great job.

Russell, how hard has it been for you to step in as the new singer?

RUSSELL HASTINGS: Because it gradually happened for me, it was easy. I grew up on Jam tunes. Because I was a musician and a guitar player, it organically grew and felt natural. The fans have been really accepting of me.

BUCKLER: Me, Russell and Dave [Moore] were in the Gift beforehand. That was a band that played Jam material. This was a project that we undertook.

What was it like being onstage together again for the first time in years?

BUCKLER: The reaction was fantastic.

FOXTON: It was nerve-racking but great fun. We hadn't played together for 25 years, but it was almost, to be a bit cliché, like we had never been away really.

HASTINGS: That synergy, having Rick and Bruce up there back together, was like two Ming vases. Apart they are worth a million each, but together they're worth 6 million. (*Laughs.*) I'm going to speak as a fan. When I went to see the Jam, I went to see the full band, not just Paul Weller. I have a lot of respect for Paul and his work over the years. It has been an honor for me to be the new singer and guitarist because the tunes are so good. The rhythm section is such a strong part of each song.

Have bands like the Kaiser Chiefs ever sent you a thank-you note?

BUCKLER: No. (*Laughs.*)

FOXTON: Or a check? (*Laughs.*) A check would be better. That is another reason young people are coming to the show. They read their favorite bands are influenced by the Jam and come see us.

With such a vast catalog of songs, how did you decide what to include in a show?

FOXTON: It is which one to leave out more than anything else. It's nice to have the distance of all these years to look at some things that at the time you wouldn't have considered. Lots to revisit.

HASTINGS: We also avoid just going for the obvious.

FOXTON: It's not a bad problem to have.

Now that a live DVD is out, it's been rumored that you have plans to record new material.

BUCKLER: We have to turn our attention to that sometime soon. We have quite a lot of work on our hands at the moment with the tour. We are not tied to any record company schedule and can do things as we wish.

Movie Mammaries

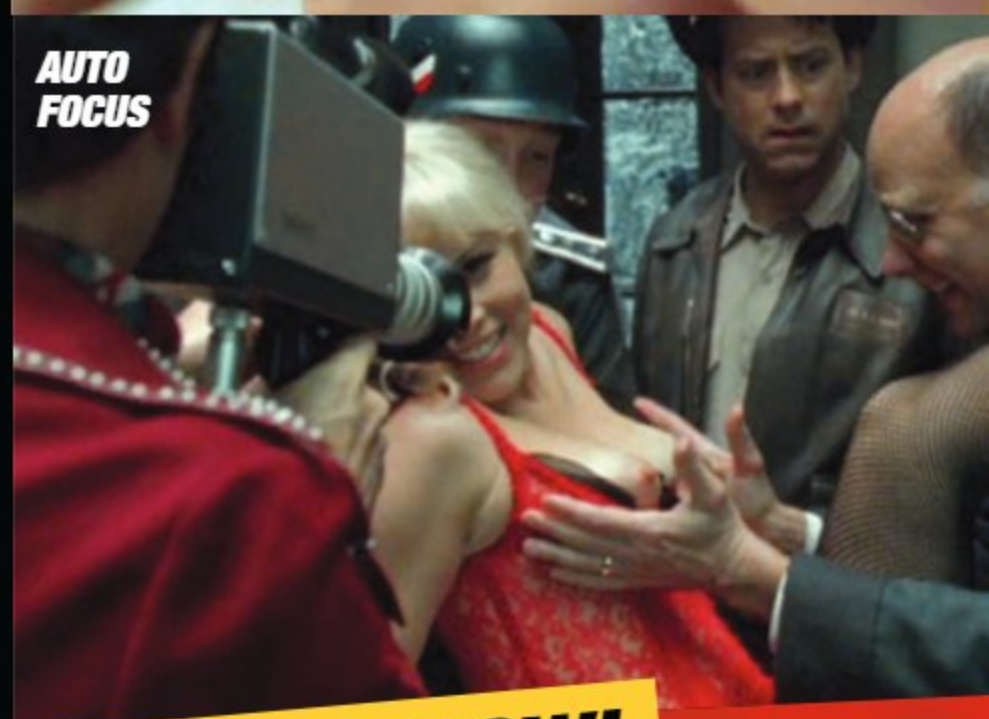
MARIA BELLO NAKED! HELLO!

Maria Bello may not be the biggest name at the box office, but we contend that the striking blonde is one of Hollywood's best for always turning in gutsy, memorable performances packed with simulated sex. She first attracted our attention in the big-screen adaptation of former HUSTLER editor Jerry Stahl's book *Permanent Midnight* (1998). Maria's brief role reminded us that there are no small parts, just small actresses with smoking parts.

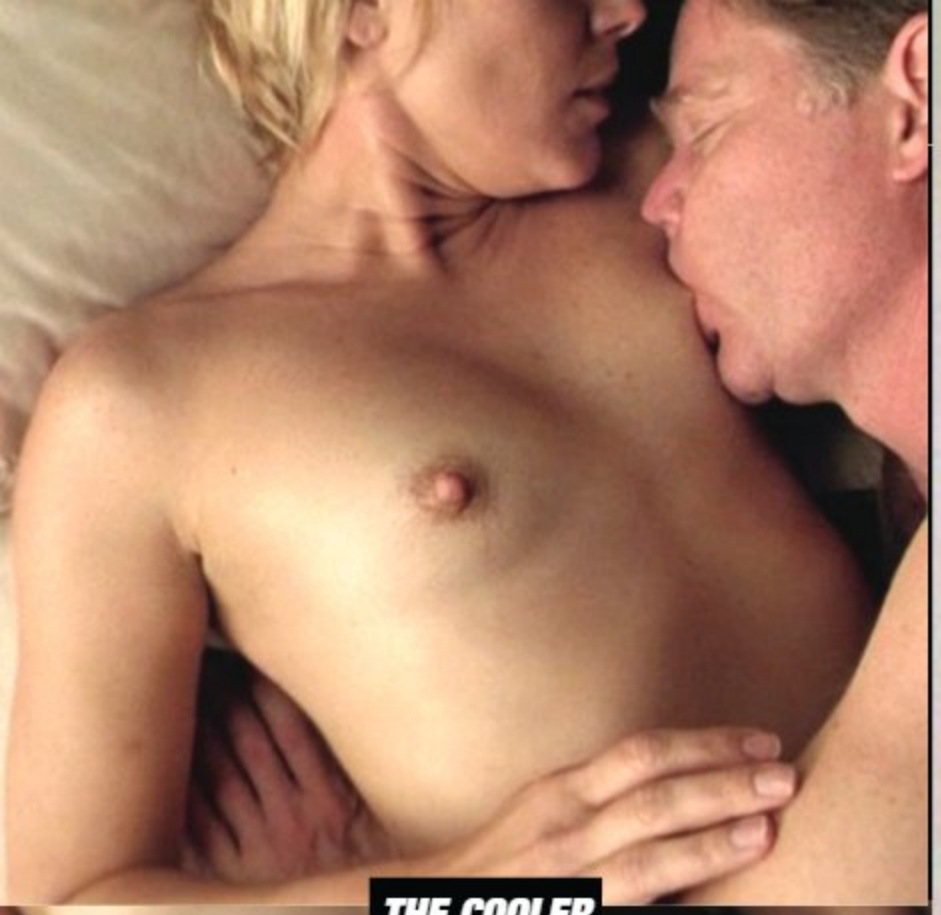
The barely watchable *Duets* (2000), costarring **Gwyneth Paltrow**, is all about karaoke. Yeah, the film sucks as bad as you think it would. The only reason we suggest you even think about watching it is because one scene provides a glance at Maria's marvelous mams. They'll make your heart sing. She followed this bomb with the Bob Crane biopic *Auto Focus* (2002), a laughable drama that explores the dark, sexually charged life and mysterious death of the *Hogan's Heroes* star (portrayed by **Greg Kinnear**). Cast as Sigrid Valdis, the actress who played Helga on the sitcom, Ms. Bello gets her breasts groped by Colonel Klink and Sergeant Schultz during a dream sequence. Talk about your classic TV moments!

If you can get beyond watching a naked **William H. Macy** fuck Maria silly, then you need to check out *The Cooler* (2003). This breakout performance shows off all of the actress's attributes, including her tits, vagina and ample ass. We don't know much about the chick flick *The Sisters* (2005) except those bouncing boobs and beautiful butt are once again on display to enjoy.

In *A History of Violence* (2005), Maria won critical acclaim for her



Rent These NOW!



THE COOLER

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

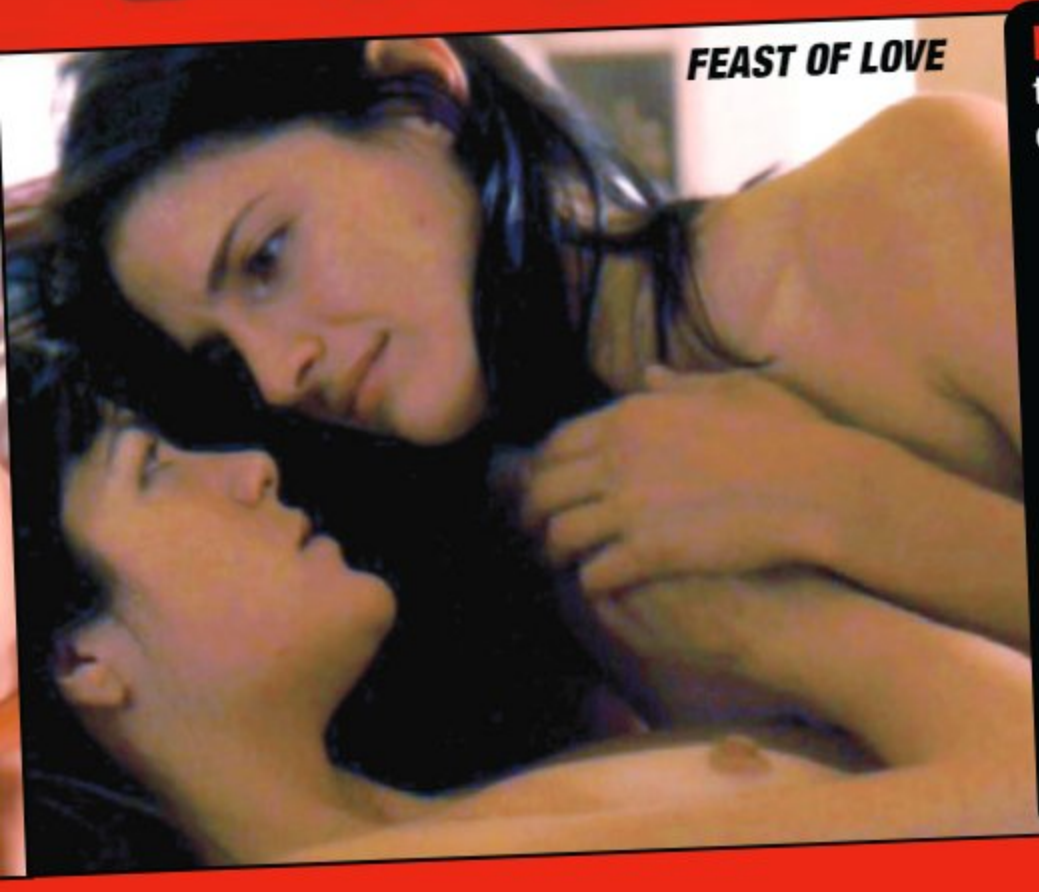
THE SISTERS

DOWNLOADING NANCY

performance as the panicked and sexually frustrated wife of a family-man-turned-killer (**Viggo Mortensen**). Regretfully, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences didn't acknowledge Bello's brilliance, but we will. But not for her acting! For the fact that *A History of Violence* showcases the beauty with prolonged full-frontal nudity (nice bush) and some steamy simulated sex on a stairway.

Finally, *Downloading Nancy* (2008) is a psychological thriller that features mouth-watering Maria Bello tied to a bed and subjected to sexual torture. We'd tell you more about the don't-miss film, but assume you have already dropped the magazine to dash to a nearby video store to rent it. *Downloading Nancy* is her best work yet!

BONUS BOOBS: SELMA BLAIR!



FEAST OF LOVE

Long before becoming a big star as the lovely Liz Sherman (the chick who catches on fire) in *Hellboy* and *Hellboy 2: The Golden Army*, **Selma Blair** garnered major billing in several edgy independent films. And you know what that means… lots and lots of skin!

The moviegoing world got its first peek at Selma's tiny (yet mighty) breasts in *Brown's Requiem* (1998). She outdid this fleeting bravado with *Storytelling* (2001). In her most daring and naked role, Blair—as a coed sporting dyed pink hair—appears in several topless sex scenes, notably a taboo-shattering, racially charged tryst with a black professor. Also hitting theaters in 2001 was *Highway*, with Selma playing a runaway teen in need of some love. She got it.

It would be six long, hard years before sexy Miss Blair offered film fans additional onscreen nudity. But one look at *Feast of Love* (2007) and you'll agree that her bare body was well worth waiting for! This lesbian lickfest offers Selma getting it on with women in some of the most believable soft-core romps ever captured on film. We bet **Ahmet Zappa** is pissed she dumped his ass. We contend that *Feast of Love* is easily Selma Blair's best work and hopefully just a glimpse of great things to come.

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

"Okay, you're free to go. I'm only in this for the sport…
and practicing the catch-and-release program."

Mind-Numb Millennials

HOW DO WE FIX A GENERATION OF LOSERS? THROW THEIR SORRY ASSES INTO A DEPRESSION.

Bring on the depression! Let's have an earth-shaking, tsunami-caliber economic collapse. Bring on chaos, panic and rioting in the streets! Why? Because it just may save our nation.

America's male twentysomethings are an aloof group that needs their asses handed to them. Some experts call them "Millennials." Others just call them "A-holes." Our economy has been so bitchin' for so long, it's actually providing a comfy place for these jerks to incubate in. We've become the brainless, partying with peacocks on the rooftops of Metropolis.

They're a worthless lot that wears their Hollister caps backward as they backslap and congratulate each other over nothing. These men buy their clothes already distressed so they look like they actually do something. "Distressed" is how they describe today's attire that is riddled with holes, worn spots and faux dirt stains painted on and designed to make them look rugged. Their jeans run half-a-grand, and they spend hundreds on their hairdos. The hair is highlighted with Seacresty lighter tones and their skin spray-tanned to give us the illusion that they actually work outdoors. They want to look like cancer-free Marlboro men with soft hands and stupid smirks.

These are not genuine rednecks who actually stand for God, guns and guts. These are their "enlightened" counterparts—mostly white guys born between 1980 and 1995 who have everything handed to them, and yet their complaining never stops. They got a new car at 16, which they promptly wrecked. Their college dorm rooms looked like they were decorated by Crate & Barrel. They partied and got lukewarm grades, but it never really mattered.

They've always had so-called helicopter parents hovering around them to cushion any bumps in life's road. When they played Little League, every child whose team came in 17th was called "champ" and given a trophy. Every second is scheduled, so they never have a moment of solace to realize, "Hey, I'm a complete douchebag!"

The Millennials are self-centered, yet never self-actualized. MySpace, Facebook, iPod, iPhone and video games—it all keeps them in their own heads, where their ids rule supreme. The theme song to their existence is the same one an operatic tenor warbles as he warms up: "Me me me me." Life is their movie, and the rest of us are just extras in it.

The theme song to their existence is the same one an operatic tenor warbles as he warms up: "Me me me me." Life is their movie, and the rest of us are just extras in it.

They get hooked on the credit card crack pipe in college and never stop buying trinkets they don't need and can't afford. Spoiled boys can't say no. If something has the word *extreme* on it spelled incorrectly, they've gotta have it.

These friggin' A-holes believe they are individuals. Yet, like all good lemmings, they never look around to notice they're all wearing the exact same uniforms: Abercrombie & Filth, Hollister, Gap, Hot Topic, mall store, mall store and mall store. Tomorrow? A beer gut covered with a Tommy Bahama.

They think nothing of destroying those closest to them and then saying something clever like "Hug it out, man." However, they claim to feel deeply for the latest victims of some natural disaster that happened in some country with a name they can't pronounce. They'll argue that we have to rebuild every despotic regime even though they hate Western civilization. Meanwhile, an American city like New Orleans can stay in ruins. It's much hipper now to root for one's enemies. Sadly, our pathetic public schools have robbed them of ever being bona fide leaders.

Business execs will tell you they simply cannot find anyone willing to put forth any effort. Corporate America hates the new crop. As much as I can't stand corporations, you have to feel something akin to empathy for them.

This new workforce needs endless praise every single day. They cannot, and will not, undertake any long-term projects: They can't focus for long. Their ADD is enabled by TiVo and workdays dicking around on the Internet on *your* dime. They decorate their cubicles like a ten-year-old boy's playroom. They tape up juvenile cartoons witty only to the basest of dullards. They pose their action figures from movies that predate them around their computers.

Then you spot her: that one sweating, good-natured fat girl who actually does all the work. If you want a successful business nowadays, I say skip the preening twenty-something white boys and hire sloppy, overweight white women. They really do try harder—like Avis—and they'll put out if you get desperate. By my ration, it's a 2-for-10 work ratio—fat girls versus asinine frat boy types.

Our overinflated fiat currency has to crash along with the housing and stock markets. We won't have the time or money to give handouts, welfare and affirmative action. The complaining will stop, and the Millennials will have to get busy or die. Perhaps an even greater generation will rise from the ashes, one that celebrates intelligence and the work ethic once more.

So bring on the bad times—for our own survival. Let's sing the blues. Our Jewish friends don't hold the patent on self-loathing. Let's join in. Only a spoiled American, like me, could actually say a depression would make me happy. Like right now.

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based Mancow Muller is the controversial talk jock who has tangled with FCC censors more often than Britney Spears has flashed her cooze. Mancow describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

"Well, it ain't gonna suck itself!"

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Essential Experience

The merits of making like a pro at a tender age.

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

Well, first, let me say that this story did *not* happen here at the Bunny-Ranch. It happened when I was just 18, well before I decided to fuck for a living.

I was working out at the local gym because even back then I knew that guys liked girls who stayed in good shape, so I really worked at it. You know how it is at gyms. Guys always approach girls and flirt with them, and sometimes the girls flirt back. Well, this guy started coming on to me, and I just sort of ignored him. Like, "Whatever, man."

But there I was on a Stairmaster, and you know how ho-hum those things can be. So I'm bored shitless and realize that it had been a while since I'd fooled around.

Good thing the guy was persistent. For about 20 minutes he kept trying to pick me up.

I hopped off the exercise machine and decided to let this total stranger take me home. And as we're leaving the gym, he grabbed his buddy, and there I was going off with *two* men I'd never met before.

We got to the first guy's house, and it turned out that he was married and that his wife was visiting her folks out of town.

Well, what the hell? I didn't know her, and I sure didn't know these guys.

I was 18 and pretty wild, and so there I was getting into this hot-and-sweaty threesome with these two guys who'd picked me up at the gym. Right in the middle of the whole thing, while one guy was eating my pussy and I was blowing the other one, the phone rang.

The guy I was blowing picked up the phone! I couldn't believe it.Turned out it was his wife.

So there I was really trying to get him off and make him breathe hard or make some sort of involuntary noise so he'd blow it with his wife, but he kept talking to her like nothing was out of the ordinary. To listen to him, you would have thought that he was just sitting in front of the TV, having a beer or something. His wife would never have guessed that he and his buddy had a naked, barely legal girl doing everything imaginable to them.

He got off the phone, and we all switched around. This time the cheating husband had his tongue corkscrewed into my asshole, and his buddy was merrily titty-fucking me.

Hubby split for a few moments and came back with a bottle of baby oil. He squirted it all over everybody, and soon the three of us were all slippery and sliding over each other like eels in a bucket.

It was really getting nasty when those two guys flipped me over and threw a full-bore DP on me. The buddy was in my pussy, and the married guy was humping my ass. I was just making these squealing noises, and they were grunting like a couple of pigs.

Well, once that started, it wasn't too long before we all came. I cleaned up, and the guy who'd been flirting during my workout brought me back to the gym. I went home from there as if nothing had happened. But believe me, it's stuff like that that's created the full-service sex specialist before you today.

See? Sometimes experience is necessary.

—Nikki Breeze

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.

Benjamin Franklin

Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress

The guy with his face on the $100 bill was a brilliant inventor, diplomat, writer…and a gloriously Dirty Old Man. Besides fathering at least one bastard son, Franklin was a member of The Hellfire Club, a secret society dedicated to wine, women and debauchery. In this genuine 1745 letter, Franklin extols the virtues of vintage poon. Who would have guessed one of our beloved historic giants was a MILF-lover and cougar-chaser?

June 25, 1745

My dear Friend,

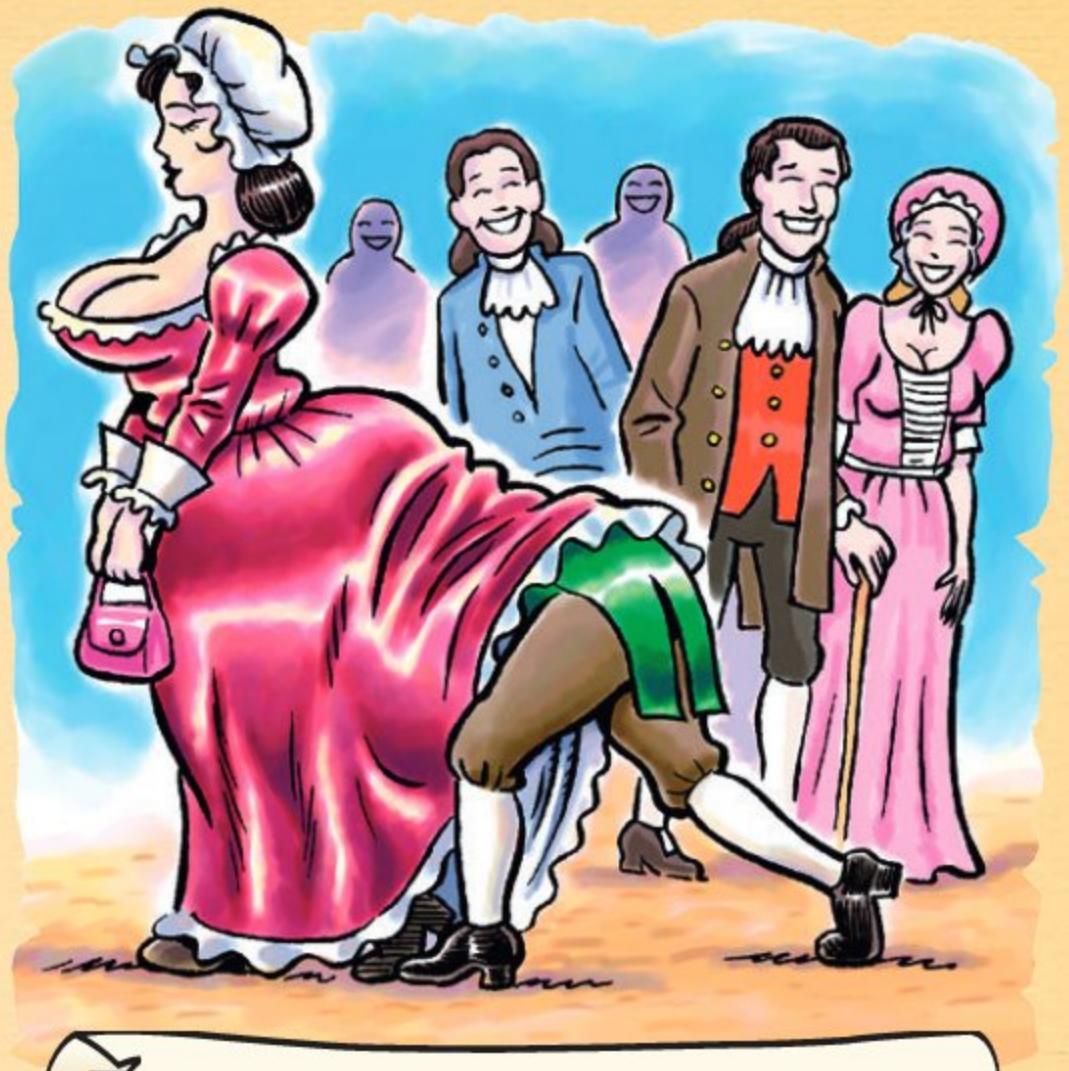
It is the Man and Woman united that make the compleat human Being. Separate, she wants his Force of Body and Strength of Reason; he, her Softness, Sensibility and acute Discernment. ... A single Man has not nearly the Value he would have in that State of Union. ... He resembles the odd Half of a Pair of Scissars [sic]. If you get a prudent healthy Wife, your Industry in your Profession, with her good Economy, will be a Fortune sufficient.

But if you will not take this Counsel, and persist in thinking a Commerce with the Sex inevitable, then I repeat my former Advice, that in all your Amours you should prefer old Women to young ones. You call this a Paradox and demand my Reasons. They are these:

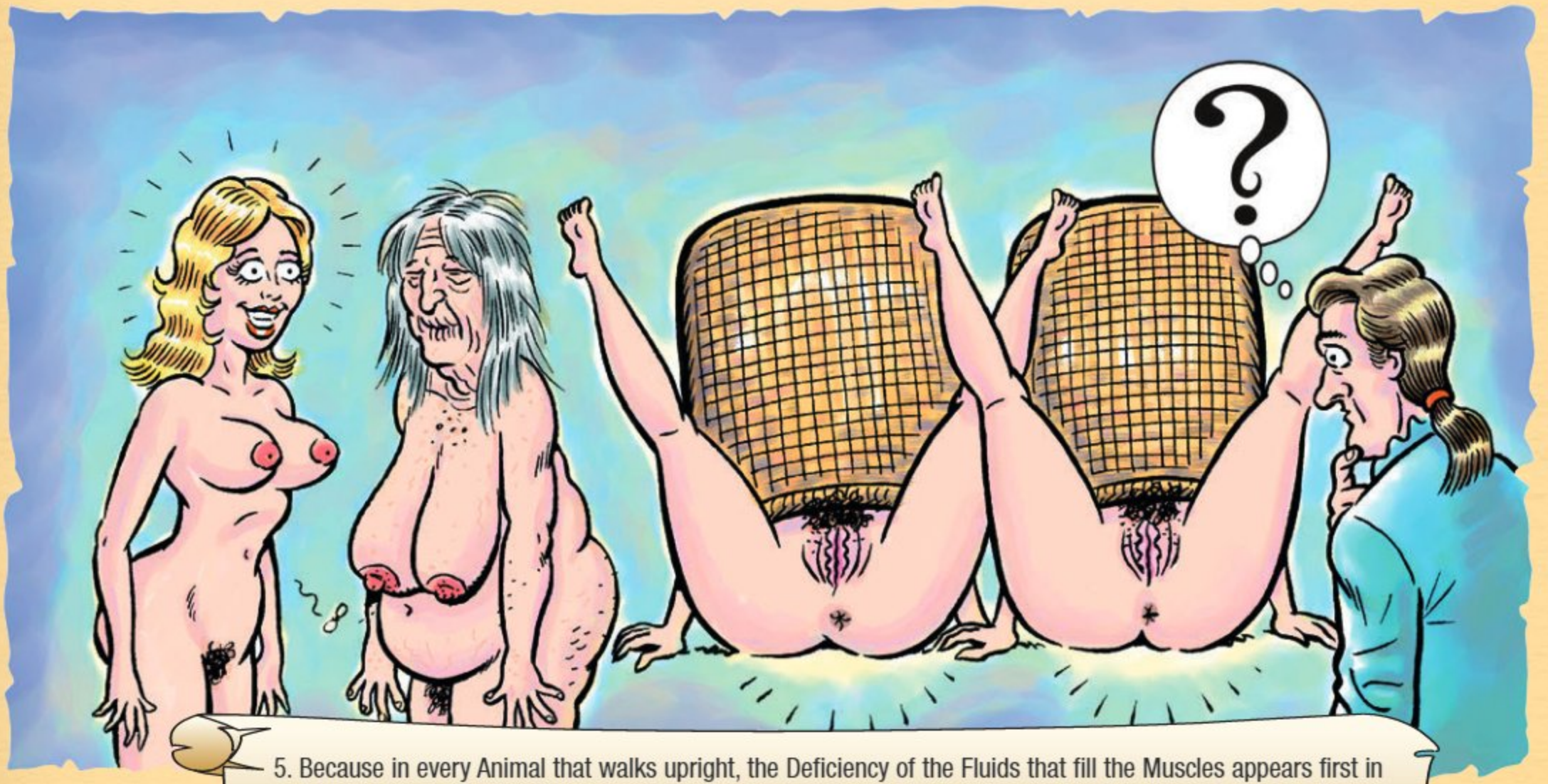
1. Because as they have more Knowledge of the World and their Minds are better stor'd with Observations, their Conversation is more improving and more lastingly agreeable.

2. Because when Women cease to be handsome, they study to be good. To maintain their Influence over Men, they supply the Diminution of Beauty by an Augmentation of Utility. They learn to do a thousand Services small and great, and are the most tender and useful of all Friends when you are sick….

3. Because there is no hazard of Children, which irregularly produc'd may be attended with much Inconvenience.

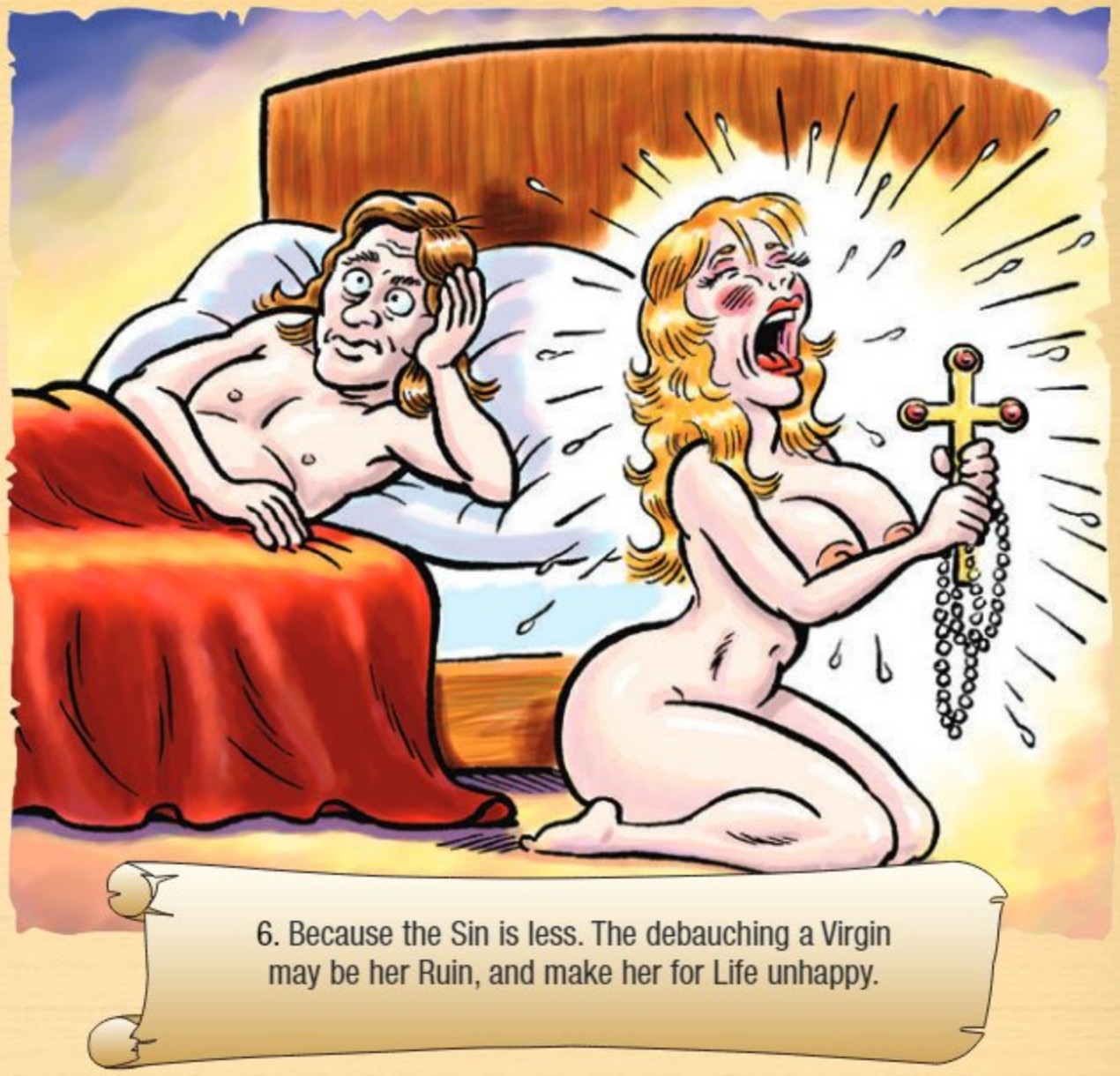


4. Because they are more discreet in conducting an Intrigue to prevent Suspicion. The Commerce with them is therefore safer with regard to your Reputation. … Considerate People might be rather inclin'd to excuse an old Woman who would kindly take care of a young Man, and prevent his ruining his Health and Fortune among mercenary Prostitutes.

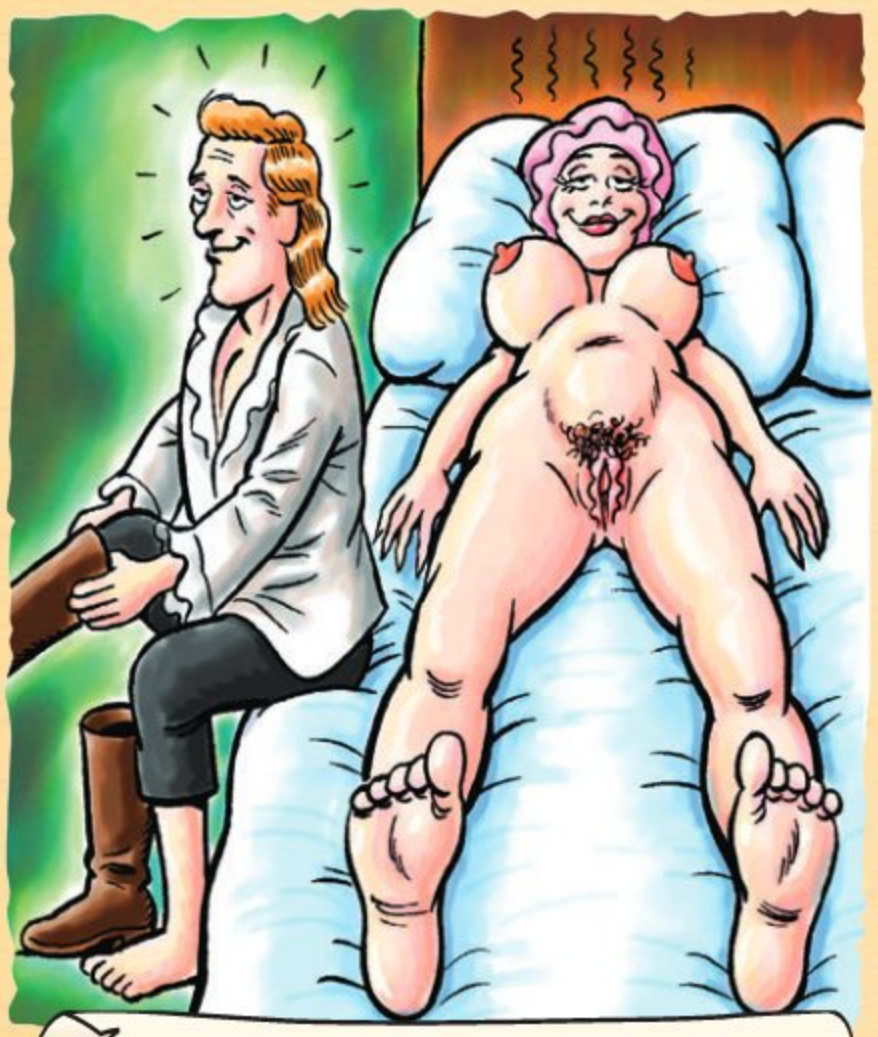


5. Because in every Animal that walks upright, the Deficiency of the Fluids that fill the Muscles appears first in the highest Part: The Face first grows lank and wrinkled; then the Neck; then the Breast and Arms; the lower Parts continuing to the last as plump as ever. So that covering all above with a Basket, it is impossible of two Women to know an old from a young one.

And as in the dark all Cats are grey,
the Pleasure of corporal Enjoyment
with an old Woman is
frequently superior.



6. Because the Sin is less. The debauching a Virgin may be her Ruin, and make her for Life unhappy.



7. Because the Compunction is less.
The having made a young Girl miserable may
give you frequent bitter Reflections;
none of which can attend
the making an old Woman happy.

Thus much for my Paradox. But still I advise you to marry directly;
being sincerely Your affectionate Friend,

B. Franklin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

The Pickup Artist

LEXI BELLE & MICK BLUE

Take a look at **Lexi Belle**. Man, don't you wish you could get a hot chick like that? Sure you do. Maybe you just need to work on your pickup lines. After all, these old standbys probably aren't working for you.

"I lost my phone number. Can I have yours?"

"Did it hurt when you fell from heaven."

"Nice shoes; wanna fuck?"

"If I told you you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?"

"Today's word is *legs*. Want to help me spread the word?"

"Heaven must be missing an angel, 'cause you're here with me."

"Are you from Tennessee? Because you're the only 10 I see!"

"Baby, I'm no Fred Flintstone, but I can make your bed rock!"

"Did you clean your pants with Windex? I can practically see myself in them."

"Those jeans you're wearing would look lovely on my bedpost."

"Hey, babe, wanna make a quick and easy 50 bucks?"

"I'd marry your cat just to get in the family."

"Do you want to see something swell?"

"My friend and I have a bet that you won't take off your blouse in a public place."

"Want to come see my hard drive? I promise it ain't floppy."

"Pardon me, have you seen my missing *AVN* Award around here?"

"Are you accepting applications for your fan club?"

"My name isn't Elmo, but you can tickle me any time you want to."

"Do you work for UPS? I could have sworn I saw you checking out my package."

And you wonder why you're not getting laid.

See **Lexi Belle** ring in *Barely Legal: Troublemakers*, *Young & Nasty #3*, *Co-Ed Cum Eaters*, *Barely Legal: Oral Education* and *Barely Legal: 18th Birthday Party #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BY MOIRA LAWLER

Stimulating Internship

Halfway across the country a Northwestern University coed gets an eye-opening education from what some would call seedy literature.

My summer internship revolved around sex, and I worked hard at it. Far from the Northwestern University campus near Chicago, in a cubicle buried within a New York City magazine publisher's offices, I spent a couple of days a week for two sweltering months picking out hot scenes from erotic novels and provocative photo-features from nonfiction books. As an intern, it was my job to examine dozens of tomes submitted for publicity or review, then decide whether they were "sexy enough" for further consideration by the editors.

Sexy enough? Some of this stuff left me shocked, like I-didn't-know-the-human-body-was-capable-of-that shocked. And the erotic scenes I came across were so explicit, I spent days in a permanent blush. In one novel I couldn't find a single page that did not involve the anus, a dildo or both. And I looked…carefully. Which I suppose is totally cool, if that's what you're into.

I can't describe the hundreds of how-to picture books I perused, endlessly turning pages sideways and upside-down, leaving me perplexed at how anyone got into these positionso.. r why. I briefly considered a second summer internship to put these bewildering maneuvers into practice, but I was never great at gymnastics.

I've felt selfish hoarding knowledge that would make me a one-woman institute of sexual prowess and advice. Since I can only spread the word so far on a one-to-one level (and, in truth, how many women want to discuss anuses and dildos over a sandwich on the quad?), I figured I'd better publish my discoveries in a popular, sexually oriented magazine.

Did you know that there are numerous ways for administering handjobs? I know what you're thinking: Who gets a guy off with her fist? Until recently I think my only handjob had been in the eighth grade. But apparently there are 25 specific methods, including the "Girl Scout," i.e., rubbing your hands up and down the shaft as if you're kindling a fire. Yes, the techniques actually have names. Handjobs may be *soooo* middle school, but I really doubt any guy will complain. Girls, you can thank me later.

For you premed students: Dr. Alfred Kinsey, the researcher whose body of work forms the basis of Human Sexuality classes across the country, just about claimed that sex is good for whatever ails you. Does this mean you should get it on instead of reaching for the Advil? Maybe. Taken to the extreme, this idea justifies masochism, assuming your orgasms are so magical that you can hardly feel the cigarette your sadistic lover is burning into your nipple. File that under "Thanks, but I'll pass."

Then there's this depressing tidbit: The average sex act lasts only three to 13 minutes. No worries. Not everyone is blessed with groin-straining, three-hour endurance. Just own up to your easy orgasm, enjoy, then prepare for round two.

Here's breaking news for guys who slept through Biology 101: If you think you're transporting your lady to orgasmic spasmland every time you romp, you're probably wrong. Only about 30% of women consistently achieve orgasm during penetration. I can imagine Northwestern frat boys are convinced that their ham-handed clitoral stimulation during reverse-cowgirl athletics must have an incredible effect on their bedmates. I apologize for any bruised egos, but there's a 70% chance she was faking it, and you didn't notice.

Another book listed 101 places to have sex before you die. Some were dreadfully mundane: the beach, a wedding, a corn maze. I mean, who hasn't? But number 71: sex in a cemetery. Oh, yeah, Thanatos and Eros at midnight. Hot!

Oh, and next time your girl refuses to give you head because she's not sure how many Weight Watchers points are in one serving of cum, assure her that your seed is low-cal. A male's average ejaculation contains around 300 million sperm, but you can binge on all that for just five calories! Move over, Wheaties; jism is the real Breakfast of Champions. (I wonder how they figure this stuff out? Does Kirstie Alley know this secret?)

I hope some of these tidbits liven up your life, whether or not you're a college student like myself. The dietary information certainly changed mine. Who knew that my daily 1500-calorie diet could be made up of a mere 300 blowjobs?

Hypothetically, of course….

Moira Lawler is a third-year journalism major at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Holly: University of California, Santa Barbara

A UCSB senior, Holly Fox is majoring in art with a focus on photography, but it's obvious that she also loves being in front of the camera—naked. Fortunately, there's a way for the sexy exhibitionist to experience the best of both worlds. "I hope to pursue my photography goals while still doing adult videos," Holly declares. "I would really love to become a famous porn star one day because it is just such a fun and exciting life!"

If her tawdry tales are any indication, the 20-year-old has already prepped herself for the biz with a course in Perversion 101. "After a party," Holly vividly recalls, "I woke up next to the frat guy I was hanging out with the night before. The house was in the hills, so he and I and his roommate went off-roading, ending up at the top of a ridge. One thing led to another, and we ended up having a threesome in broad daylight. It was definitely the best!"

That daring encounter was just the tip of the iceberg as far as satisfying Holly's dirty thoughts goes. Admitting that she's "not big on romance," the 3.5 GPA student with a 34B-24-36 physique likes to get down to business—and the more, the merrier. "My number-one sexual fantasy at the moment is a group of guys being rough and dominating me sexually," Holly admits. "It would also get me off even more if I knew people were watching or if it were at a party."

Also on Holly's carnal agenda are anal sex and double vaginal penetration. "Sadly, I have never had sex on campus," the rambunctious coed laments, "although I have always wanted to! Luckily, I still have a year left to accomplish this."

PHOTOS BY ROXY C./METRO TALENT MANAGEMENT

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Purr-fect casting: Alexis Love joins the Katsuni pride.

Katsuni: Minx

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: CELESTE. STARRING: KATSUNI, PAOLA REY, ALEXIS LOVE, MAYA GATES, MICAH MOORE, BRANDI EDWARDS, MARCO BANDERAS, SCOTT NAILS, TOMMY GUNN & TONY DE SERGIO.

Celeste directed this playful showcase for pussycat Katsuni, giving the Eurasian jewel ample opportunity to show off her new boobs. (We preferred the all-natural version, but at least her makeover isn't the overly top-heavy type.) The opening scene is prime Katsuni, featuring some soft S&M play and that tight, award-winning little ass of hers wrapped around a member of the lucky-bastards club. From there we get a string of similar romps from a similarly gorgeous lineup of anal-ready brunettes, wrapping up with Katsuni and Brandi Edwards sealing Tommy Gunn in plastic wrap. Why? Damned if we know. It's mostly perfectly shot by the reliable Robby D, but shame about the tacky electro beats. *Minx* isn't original, but it's a classy/trashy treat with enough raw beauty to make a grown man meow. ***—M.J.***

Katsuni: Minx, a species apart.

New Year's feast: Gianna Michaels and Riley Evans bring the ***Breast Meat.***

Monica Foster adds some dark ***Meat*** *to the menu.*

Breast Meat

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ERIK EVERHARD. STARRING: GIANNA MICHAELS, RILEY EVANS, MONICA FOSTER, JORDAN STAR, LAYLAH DIAMOND, CAROLYN REESE, MARCO BANDERAS & ERIK EVERHARD.

There's no other way to say it: Gianna Michaels has a fucking huge rack. Most of it's man-made, of course, but you boobivores out there won't complain. Gianna's intense, fun performance in the opening scene sets the right bouncy tone for JJ's new line of big-knocker nutbusters. Plenty of wide-angle shots of bulbous mammaries will warm you up for some terrific tit-fucking with a fleshy bunch of breakout performers (most of whom have never been showcased this well). The racks aren't all in Gianna's league. In fact, you might wonder what lean-cuisine Monica Foster is doing in this flick at all, aside from her luscious looks. Everhard obviously just wanted to hit dat gorgeous shit. Opportunist! With a focus on quality, not just quantity, we gotta respect this disc with a fully erect, just to get the New Year off to a meaty start. ***—M.J.***

Chemistry #4's housemates redefine "reality show."

Adrianna Nicole is Chemistry's twister champ.

Sinnamon Love mixes up some explosive Chemistry.

Chemistry #4

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: TRISTAN TAORMINO. STARRING: PENNY FLAME, SINNAMON LOVE, ADRIANNA NICOLE, TYLER KNIGHT, JOHNNY SINS & EVAN STONE.

This latest installment of Tristan Taormino's feel-good-porn reality series is "The Orgy Edition," so just about every scene turns into a six-body pileup. *Chemistry* is basically *Big Brother* minus the losers, not to mention the sexual tension. The *first* thing these housemates do is explore each other's genitals. Volume 4 features some of porn's most likable stars, but after an hour of their mutual ass-licking (literally and verbally), you'll probably be screaming for someone to act like a prick and get voted out. ***—M.J.***

Freaks Monica (top), Myka and Gina (bottom) take Control.

Control Freak Asa Akira gets what she wants.

Control Freaks

VOUYER MEDIA. DIRECTOR: VINCE VOUYER. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, MYKA RAIN, MONICA FOSTER, SAMIRA, GINA LYNN, JERRY, SASCHA, TALON, JAMES DEEN & ANTHONY ROSANO.

Don't you love it when a chick on the business end of a hard dick tries to call the shots? For some reason a girl panting, "Give it to me!" is porn's idea of a woman in control. Okay, whatever. And as for "freaks," we've seen a fuckuva lot freakier. But enough bitching; this flick is actually a fairly decent ball-drainer. Asa Akira is Asian cuteness incarnate, while new-to-XXX black beauty Monica Foster (who takes the control concept more seriously than anyone) is a self-confessed computer-nerd-turned-stripper. (Judging by her steamy showing in this disc, Monica left her former persona far behind.) Gina Lynn, who needs no introduction, was made to gawk at as well. Honestly, all the chicks in *Control Freaks* are almost too entrancing to be licking cum off their faces in front of a camera. But hey, that's the upside of a rough economy! ***—M.J.***

Femme fatale Monique Alexander works her wiles.

Party girls Jayna Oso and Stefani Morgan could make a grown man **Cry**.

Hungry like the Wolf: Tory Lane enjoys some backdoor payback.

Cry Wolf

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: MONIQUE ALEXANDER, STEFANI MORGAN, TYLA WYNN, STACI THORN, RILEY MASON, MARLIE MOORE, LEXXI TYLER, TORY LANE, CARLY PARKER, HOLLY WELLIN, DEVON LEE, JAYNA OSO, MARCOS LEON, JAY HUNTINGTON, STEVEN ST. CROIX & MR. MARCUS.

Director Paul Thomas's latest vehicle for Vivid blondie Monique Alexander is a tight rape-revenge thriller full of nifty twists and some decent dialogue work by femme fatale Monique and the male principals. As in most of these kinds of couples-friendly (i.e., cable-ready) smut flicks, the sex isn't as intense as some may prefer, but it balances well with the story and characters. If Monique's your sweet, check her out in Chuck Lord's goofy sex comedy *Watching My Wife*, also from Vivid. ***—M.J.***

Tastes like ass: Guzzler Chelsie Rae is a great multitasker.

ATM machine: Veronica Jett conducts a taste test.

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Memphis Monroe is the perfect thirst-quencher for Abbey Brooks in HUSTLER's *Wet Dreams*.

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

ATM Guzzlers

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: LEX T. DRILL. STARRING: VERONICA JETT, AUDREY ELSON, HOLLY WELLIN, ALLISON PIERCE, CHELSIE RAE, JAMES DEEN, JAY LASSITER, JOHN STRONG, ALEC KNIGHT, EVAN STONE & JOE ROCK.

For the two Joes out there who don't know what ATM is, it's "ass to mouth," as in: 1) fuck a girl in the ass; 2) pull out your dick and shove it in her mouth; and 3) let that nasty girl slurp your dirty schlong. Sound like something the school nurse warned against? Sure does. Since you sickos want it, HUSTLER's Hardline label has assembled a lineup of "cunts" and "consummate sluts" who act like they love cock most when it tastes like ass. Most of the disc features seasoned sword-swallowers doing an adequate job, *asspecially* Holly Wellin and Chelsie Rae. But it's refreshing to see relative newcummer Audrey Elson act like a regular gal who's a little surprised to have a dick deep in her rectum—then has to play ATM machine. Don't worry, she's a fast learner. ***—M.J.***

VIVID'S HOSPITAL HATCHES A STARLET

Coco Velvett, Mandy Morbid and Zak Sabbath

Mandy Morbid

She sports a bright-pink Mohawk, calls herself Mandy Morbid and can't keep her legs shut to save her life. This girl needs help.

"I wanted to make a heroin movie," director Benny Profane professed at the L.A. release party for Vivid-Alt's new punk-porn disc *Hospital*. "But Mandy just wanted to be *sick!*"

The plot is pure straight-to-video horror schlock: Mandy wakes up in a decrepit hospital with amnesia, suffers hard-core flashbacks and gets some budget brain surgery. Her "health-care" includes handcuffing, shower harassment and general clinical abuse—basically, all the stuff Michael Moore was afraid to show you in *SiCKO*.

Profane, Morbid and costar Zak Sabbath invited a slew of like-minded detritus to guzzle free booze at the bash as the *Hospital* hipster punks shamelessly plugged their picture. According to Zak, the climactic scene with him, Morbid and Coco Velvett is like swallowing ten different pharmaceuticals at once. Get the stomach pump! *—Gram Ponante*

Release party photos by Gia Jordan

Sochee Mala

Marie McCray and Daniel

Director Benny Profane and his sick star.

Shot of Morphine: Audrey Hollander makes the pain go away.

Smoking Mary Jane brings some cheese-cake to the Morphine party.

Kimberly Kane gets a dose of Morphine.

Morphine

VIVID-ALT. DIRECTOR: KIMBERLY KANE. STARRING: AUDREY HOLLANDER, SMOKING MARY JANE, ASHLEY BLUE, JADA FIRE, APRIL FLORES, FAITH LEON, MAYA HILLS, KIMBERLY KANE, JERRY, JULIUS CEAZHER, OTTO BAUER, ALEX GONZ, DANIEL & ZAK ATAK.

Alt-porn actress and auteur Kimberly Kane follows up her acclaimed *Triple Fantasy* with a drugged-out disc that will make all your pain go away. That is, if you like watching white-trash kids pose and try to look cool. To be fair, the flick has a certain music-video flair and boozy blues vibe to it, but most of the performances seem too self-aware, like everyone's more worried about how they look fucking rather than just fucking (a usual alt-porn ill). The always-awesome Audrey Hollander does her best to make her character, a burned-out stripper, seem like she still has some life in her, and Jada Fire turns in one of the flick's most satisfying scenes. But on the whole, this *Morphine* is less than addictive. The packaging is pretty though. ***—M.J.***

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KENZI MARIE

Miss Marie's Wild Ride

Already, **Kenzi Marie** is one of our favorites. "This is my favorite photo-shoot to date," the newbie reckons. "I was so excited because I got to be naked outside. I'm a California girl, born and raised, and I love to be in the sunshine. It's also my favorite place to have sex. The way a breeze tickles my nipples and the sun warms my boobs as I'm fucking gets me off every time."

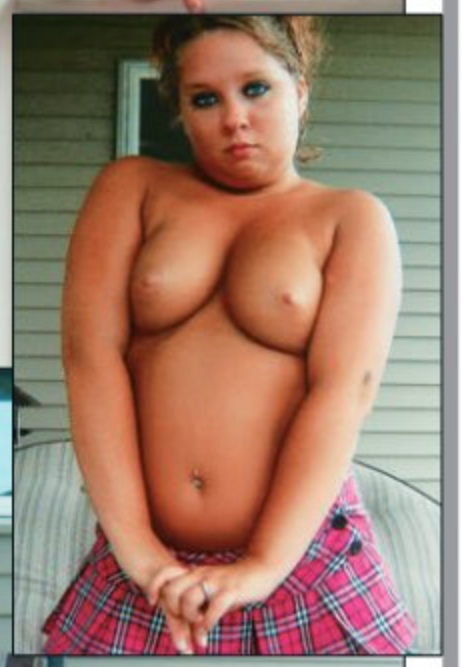
Favorite position? "Without a doubt I love to be on top of a guy, riding him hard. But I also love getting done doggy-style and having my hair pulled. When it comes to sex, it's hard to pick a favorite position. I love them all!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Favorite sex partner? “One who smells good and is really good at giving oral sex. That’s not a lot to ask for, right? If a guy knows how to lick me to orgasm, I’ll suck his cock until it explodes in my mouth. Again, as long as he smells good.” Favorite movie? “I love to watch the porn films I’ve done where I really came, which is most of them. My favorite mainstream movie is probably the new Batman one. It’s so sad about Heath Ledger. He was so talented—and so hot!”

KENZI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Long Beach, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 100

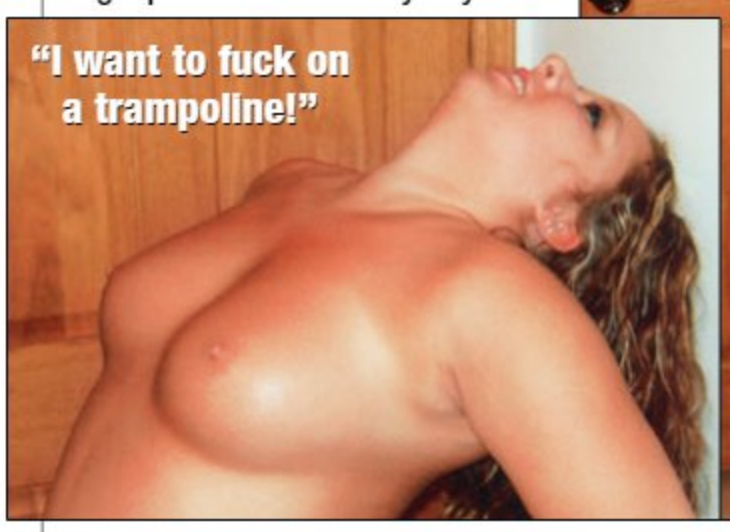
"Honey, why don't you run down and get between that female grizzly and her cub, and I'll take a picture!"



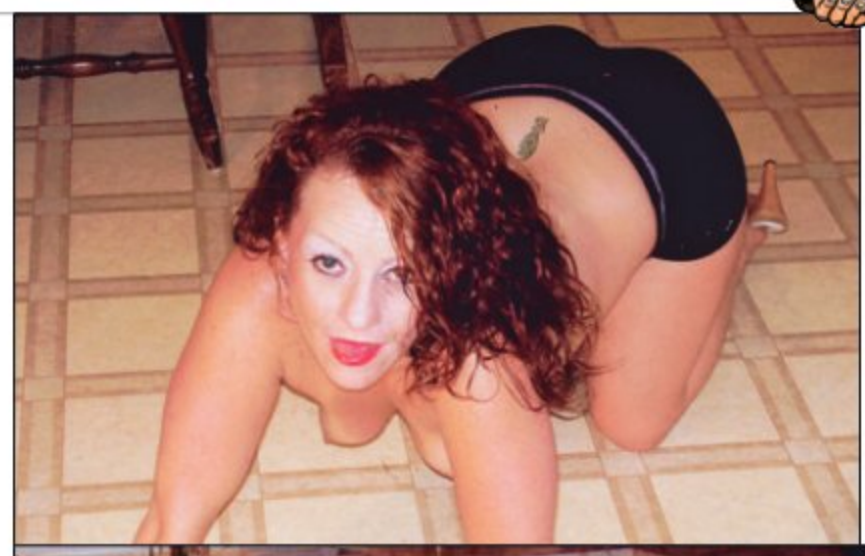
"My favorite position is doggy-style, with my hardworking boyfriend slapping my ass with one hand and pulling my hair with the other!"

ROCKER CHICK

"Being naked in HUSTLER rocks," gushes this 21-year-old bookworm, DJ and "movie connoisseur" from Claremont, Minnesota. Filling us in on what makes her tick, Rocker Chick—a huge Rob Zombie and Shinedown fan—announces, "My hobbies are dancing with hot girls, paintballing, shopping, writing poems, scrapbooking and hanging out with friends and anyone else who wants to hang." Hanging with the 5-foot-1, tongue-ringed pixie—who adores dirty talk—sure can be a blast. "Giving guys head is the hottest thing ever," she marvels. "When I take a woody all the way down my throat, they go crazy. And I please all my girlfriends, sucking their nipples and eating their pussies just right. Riding a hard cock or hot girl-on-girl always makes me come!" Kickass Rocker Chick has certainly come to the right place. —Photos by Boyfriend



"I want to fuck on a trampoline!"

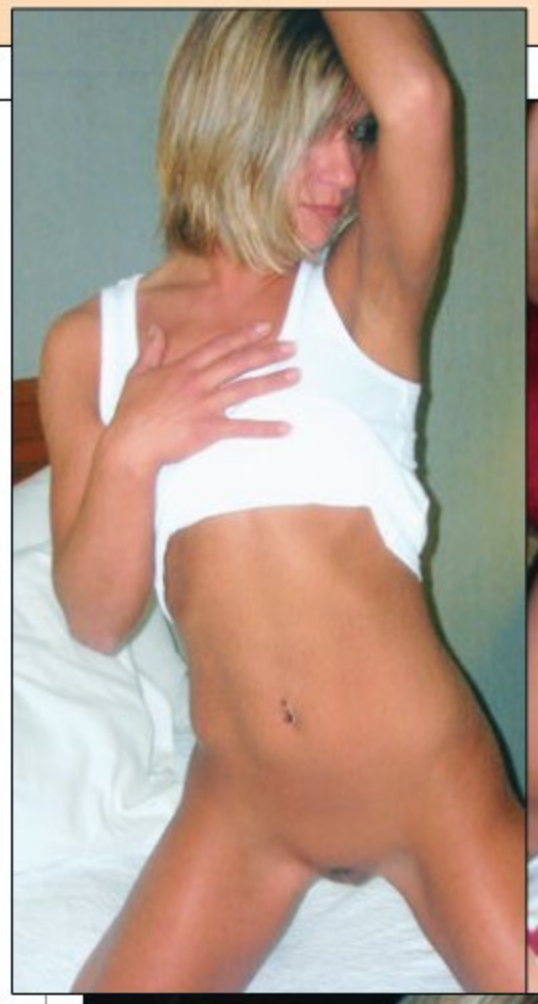


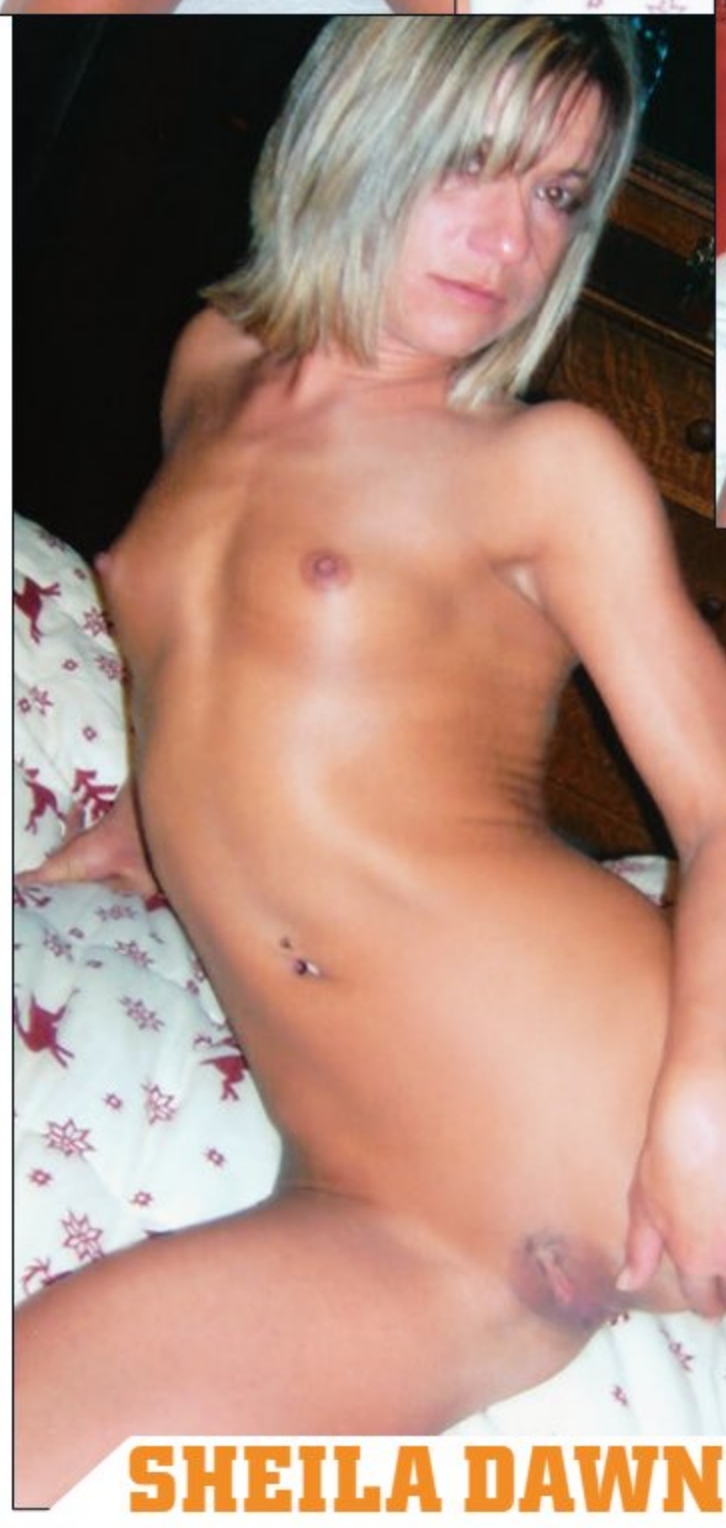
"I want to have sex with my boyfriend in front of a large crowd cheering us on!"

TIFF

Born in the bicentennial year and bi-curious, this "voyeuristic" nursing student from Ozark, Alabama, is an all-around caregiver. "My specialty is sponge baths for the good patients and rectal thermometers for the rest," toots Tiff, who enjoys "looking at naked girls," but has no patience at all when she's hankering for a pecker. "I tend to be spontaneous and naughty," the foxy five-footer adds, fresh from a quickie in a nightclub's lavatory. "I'll get right to the point: I like sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass with a dildo in my pussy." Cheers to Tiff and unabashed Southern hospitality! —Photos by Boyfriend

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN





"My nipples get hard as boards when I dream about construction workers or farmboys!"

SHEILA DAWN

"I'm a country girl surrounded by cornfields, and I like trying new things," professes this tempting server from Benton, Kentucky. "If it's bad or naughty, I'm all for it." Still fresh as a daisy at 35, "outgoing" Sheila Dawn has a litany of interests, among them working out, devouring Dean Koontz novels and befriending rock bands via a popular Internet place. Turning to hanky-panky, the 5-foot-2, "usually unattached" cutie chirps, "I'm selective and kinky. I like shocking people. I've fooled around with a beer bottle, tried anal and had a bunch of threesomes. But men's belts are my biggest turn-on. I really get off being smacked on the ass with one. I love rough sex." —Photos by Sheila Dawn

TANYA

"My favorite movie is *Flash Gordon*," reveals this admittedly freaky projectionist from San Antonio, Texas. But Tanya, 31, is much more than a flashing-in-her-favorite-magazine cinema buff. "I like to ride my motorcycle, jump on the computer, draw and, of course, have wild, kinky sex with my husband," the 5-foot-4 tyro

rattles off. "We've got toys, whips and handcuffs galore. I love being tied up, spanked and fucked hard. That always makes me squirt!" As for a fantasy, the "explorative," anal-digging vixen coos, "I'd like hubby to watch me use a strap-on dildo on a girl, then join in. After all, fair is fair. It would be awesome to DP a hot chick!" —Photos by Husband

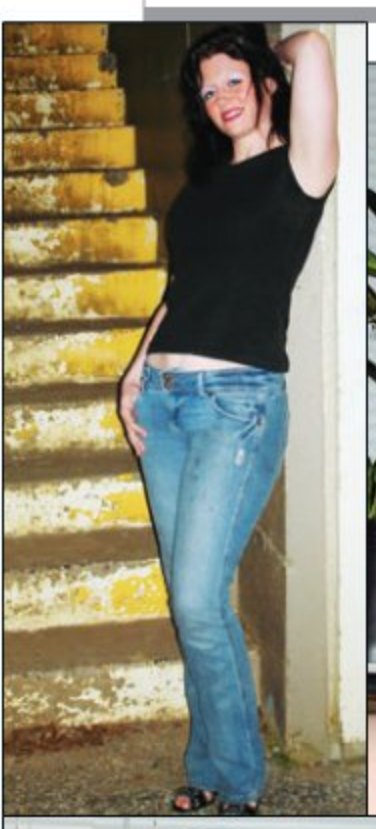
"I get off watching my guy jet off while I masturbate for him!"

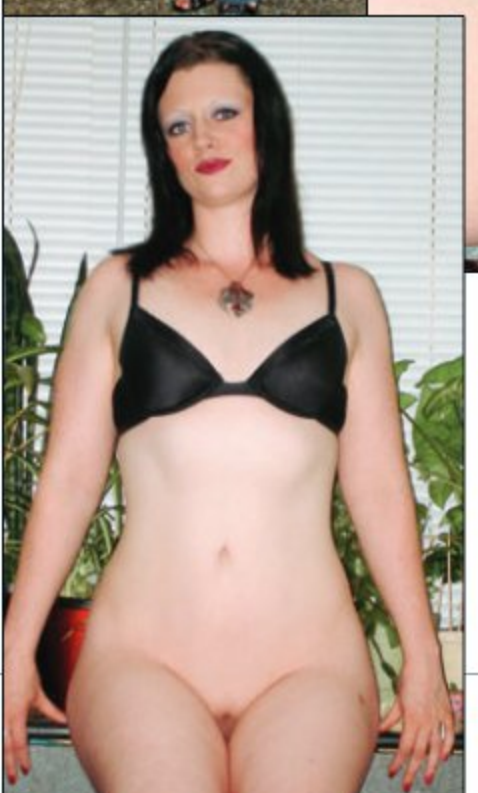
HEAVEN LEE

This security guard from Schenectady, New York, has a vast assortment of personal interests: "motorcycling, rollerskating, riding shotgun with a truck driver pal, metaphysics, tarot cards, psychic phenomena and astrology." Heaven Lee, 42, is also extremely personable and candid. "I really love anal sex," the 5-foot-4 single gal asserts. "My exciting parts must be toward the back." Looking for further excitement, Heaven Lee lets out, "I've always had a fantasy about being kidnapped and chained up by an obsessed man who makes me his sex slave." —Photos by Friend

SHAUNA

"Knowing that millions of people are looking at me is quite a thrill," reckons Shauna, 30, a stock trader and "perfect wife" from Parma, Ohio. "I give my husband blowjobs all the time," explains the 5-foot-3 travel, crafts and movie devotee. "I'm good at it, and they make him happy. So do my 40DDD tits." Having had sex with hubby on the shores of Lake Erie—"I'm brave and adventurous!"—Shauna now dreams of "having a threeway at a beach in South Carolina." —Photos by Husband





SIN

"I decided long ago that I wanted to be the world's best damn sex goddess," declares this obliging customer service rep from Astoria, Oregon. "I yearn for and thrive on sucking, fucking and licking anyone, anywhere, anytime. I've slept with 129 people so far, which isn't nearly enough in my eyes. Twenty-eight at one time is my most. I get wet just thinking about having every hole filled and cum everywhere!" Almost anticlimactically, Sin—who'll be turning 29 in January—confides, "I'm bi, wild and passionate. My husband encourages and thoroughly supports my sexual needs and desires. As I do, he feels it's unfair not to share me with everyone." No wonder the 5-foot-8 nympho entertains just one fantasy: "I want to be a porn star so bad, I can taste it." Sin looks very tasty indeed. —Photos by Husband

Now feast your eyes on a luscious Central American who craves being the center of attention.

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I love being naked, and it doesn't matter where or when!"

DIDI

"I love to show off my body," proclaims Didi, 26, of San José, Costa Rica. "I have a nice pussy, ass and tatas. By modeling nude, I can make men relax. They can fantasize about me instead of thinking about all the bad things in the world." Bilingual and bisexual, the 5-foot-6 gym owner and aspiring model—whose personal endeavors include working out, traveling, partying and online networking—adds more goodness by fessing up, "I'm a romantic and sensual lover. I most like exploring and being explored with the tongue, and the best position for making me orgasm is doggy-style." For her *Beaver Hunt* climax, Didi divulges, "My fantasy is to have dinner with an American tourist I've just met, then take him to an empty beach at sunset. We share a bottle of red wine, then I pour some over my naked body for him to lick off, launching a night of hot sex under the stars." —Photos by Friend

ROSE

This unbashful 22-year-old from San Diego doesn't belong to an all-girl tribute band, but she sure belongs here. Note how Rose, 22—who shares an October 5 birthday with rocker/humanitarian Bob Geldof—deftly handles an electric guitar while displaying her majestic 36Cs and shorn cooze. "I really like it when guys or girls go down on me," discloses the 5-foot-2 surfing, sailing and shopping enthusiast. But is our sexy ax-slinger, whose musical tastes are headed by the White Stripes and Blink 182, also a virtuoso on the skin flute? "I've been told I'm an expert cocksucker!" the capricious Californian bellows. Yes, Rose is a bona fide (and boner-loving) humanitarian. —Photos by Friend

"I've never fucked a rock star, but it's my number-one fantasy!"

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Gypsy Lust

KIMBERLY FRANKLIN & ERIK EVERHARD

We thought about writing clever text to accompany this pictorial, then remembered that Fleetwood Mac had already done so. Their song "Gypsy" would have fit right in. That's what we were going to do until our lawyers told us we couldn't. What?! Is this not America? Since when can we not use song lyrics without permission?

We know what this is really about: The stuffed suits are really just a bunch of wannabe pornographers. They're so desperate to work here at HUSTLER and be around lots of hot chicks that they'll do anything to mess up *our* jobs.

Why not print the lyrics? We're pretty sure that Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham (not to mention Mick Fleetwood himself) wouldn't mind the free press. Seriously, poor Mick, hoping to make a buck, is out pimping his own brand of wine these days. We liked their song so much, we were hoping to offer just a few lines from "Gypsy," but no, the legal eagles nixed that idea too.

At the end of the day none of that matters, does it? You've probably already "enjoyed" this photospread. By enjoyed, we mean jerked off without ever noticing there are words alongside the steamy images, words that we worked so hard on. Ah, well, at least you got off on the pictures.

The February '09 HUSTLER goes on sale December, 9 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

Abbey Brooks

COMING NEXT TIME

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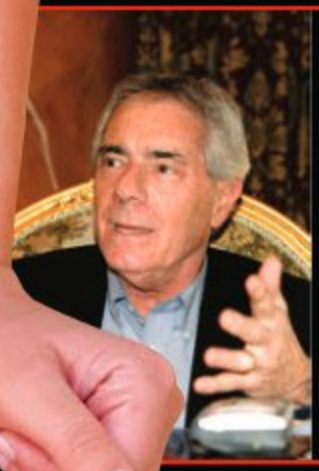
You'll need HUSTLER's guide to hanging on through the rough days ahead. Learn how to protect yourself and your family. We cover everything from investing in energy stocks to converting your car to run on alcohol or even vegetable fat!

Cougar of the Month!

She's sexy, slinky, sultry and 57 years old! You won't believe your eyes when you see Luna Azul, our premiere Cougar in a new monthly feature in praise of older women…grrrrowwwlll!

The Sunset Strip Murders

They were young, horny and homicidal: A young divorcée and a tweaked-out con-man on a hooker-killing horror spree, holding Tinseltown in a grip of fear. See the shocking crime-scene photos. A true-crime story by Jamie Schram.



The Q&A: Louis Sirkin Part 2

Our exclusive interview with the famed law expert concludes as Sirkin explains how habeas corpus—your basic right of legal protection—has been stripped away by right-wing court decisions. Interview by Editorial Director Bruce David and Maeve Vanessa Scanlon.

My Secret Life as a Stripper

By day, she's a mousy data clerk, but by night she's the hottest fox who ever wrapped her legs around a pole! A wild, first-person confession with amazing pix by our own Sun Karma.

How to Cheat at Football

An award-winning sports writer reveals the secrets of the NFL players—how they scam, fudge, finesse and cheat—anything to win. Article by Scott Ostler.